

# LOOK

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a mad and often  
frightening era



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**Check Lucky Number on Insert Card with List Posted in any of the Merry Christmas Drug Stores shown at right.**

Right now take advantage of the convenience and values available at your Merry Christmas Drug Store. Choose from a wide assortment of nationally advertised merchandise...gifts you will be proud to give to family and friends. Be sure to bring the insert card with the imprinted lucky number with you. You may be the winner of either a Sylvania Color Television set, a Sylvania Black and White Television Console, a Sylvania Black and White Portable Television set with Automatic Clock Timer or a Sylvania Stereophonic High Fidelity Phonograph console.

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The Reuben H. Donnel



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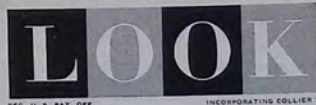
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Now more than 7,500,000 circulation



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#### AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE • 28TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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Karles. 34-57-Jim Nae. 59-62-Philip Harrington. 71-Fred Munson. 81-Sandra Torick. 92-93-Cecil Boston. 96-101-2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



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like  
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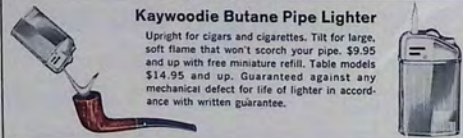
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Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc. N. Y. 22, Dept. B3.

6 LOOK 12-15-44

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Challenge to Our Doctors

The article by J. Robert Moskin on *The Challenge to Our Doctors* [Look, November 3] represents one of the best reviews of the contemporary medical and hospital-care situation to be published in any journal, popular or scientific. It defines the complex scientific, economic and social forces influencing the provision and costs of modern medical and hospital care in terms that the unsophisticated can understand. Both Look and Mr. Moskin are to be complimented on the excellence of the article and the contribution it represents to public understanding.

RAY E. BROWN, Director  
Graduate Program in Hospital  
Administration  
Duke University  
Durham, N. C.

... I am not sure what purpose is served by an article ... which gives the reader so little assistance in understanding the complexities of the contemporary health-services systems. Too many factual statements were left hanging in the air, e.g., 3,000 communities do not have physicians. What does this mean? How far are they from medical facilities? ... Is the system relatively sound in substance and in need of improvements here and there, or is it fundamentally unsound and in need of a drastic overhaul? Your article does not say ...

ODIN W. ANDERSON  
Research Director  
Health Information Foundation  
The University of Chicago  
Chicago, Ill.

... Your article ... is journalism at its best: a swift, direct presentation of the facts (some of them appalling) without forcing an interpretation on the reader. But, my, how that inevitable interpretation does cry out of the sheer facts! You render a great service in presenting the problem. ...

FRED PANZER  
Public Information Director  
President's Council on Aging  
Washington, D. C.

... I want to tell you what a splendid article you wrote on medical care, and how very timely it is. ...

DAVID M. HEYMAN, President  
New York Foundation  
New York, N. Y.

I am shocked by the quotation attributed to me regarding capitalism and the imprudent on page 40. ... I strongly deny making such a statement. I disagree completely with the sentiment expressed in the quotation. I believe that any person who needs help to pay health-care costs should receive help, no matter what the cause of the need may be.

E. B. HOWARD, M.D.  
Assistant Executive Vice-President  
American Medical Association  
Chicago, Ill.

*The AMA's position that medical care for the aged should be financed by the Government on the basis of need was stated clearly in the article. The quotation from Dr. Howard supports that position, emphasizes that the individual has a responsibility to be prudent, and asserts that in a competitive society, those who fail to provide for old age should be required to show need before turning to public sources for economic help.—Ed.*

... Your piece reflects ... a sympathetic understanding of the human aspects of the social neglect that is denying millions of Americans high-quality medical care. ... You have

continued

### Brother Sebastian



CHON DAY  
LOOK 12-15-44

# Love that Schick "Consolette"! The brand new professional hairdryer that sits on a table...



## packs up and goes!

This is the really fast home hairdryer. Filtered conditioned air gives you even heat with no hot spots. No net. No ear pads. Four drying speeds.



© 1964 Schick Electric, Inc., Lancaster, Pa./Schick (Canada), Ltd., Ont.

### Five more slick Schicks and how they dry



**CAPRI** ... a portable beauty salon with carrying case, shoulder strap, power manicure, with 4 attachments, 4 drying speeds.



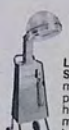
**PETITE SALON** ... super portable. Four quick-drying speeds, built-in mirror, nail polish dryer and nail buffer!



**CAROUSEL** ... feather-weight. Shoulder strap lets you move around. Super-sized hood! 4 drying speeds.



**LE SALON** ... the first at-home professional dryer. No need to cover neck or ears. Wheels into hiding when your hair is dry!



**LE GRANDE SALON** ... the most luxurious professional hairdryer. Remote control temperature-changer, timer!

LOOK 12-15-44 7



Give him the best time he ever had



It's an electric watch. By Timex.

It's sure. Precise. He won't have to wind it, mind it, or worry about it. It runs on a battery, an electric energy cell no bigger than a collar button. And this energy cell gives steady electric accuracy

for a whole year. (Then he replaces it himself. For just one dollar.)

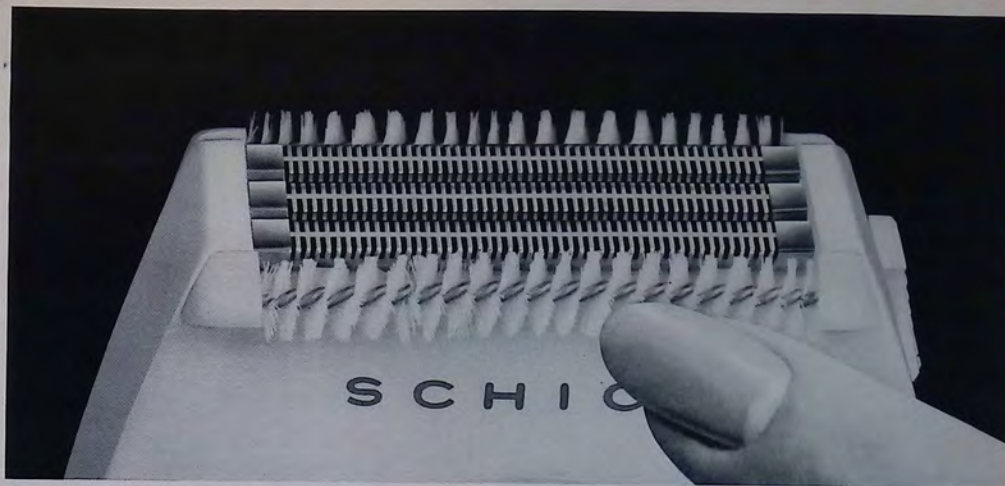
This handsome electric Timex is waterproof,\* dustproof,\* shock resistant.\* In every way, it's one gift he can forget about, but won't! Only **\$39.95**

PLUS TAX.

\*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.

**THE ELECTRIC TIMEX®**

This is the energy cell actual size



## From Schick only: The one ladies' shaver with brushes!

That's right, brushes.

And only new Lady Schick Crown Jewel has them.

So unique, they're patented. The scientists at Schick invented these tiny hair guide brushes to lift each hair and guide it into the shaving head. Until Schick developed this new way to shave, you had to settle for a cut-down men's shaver. A boy's shaver, really. No wonder it didn't work. A woman's hair grows differently. Only Crown Jewel can skim over your delicate skin so softly, you can't feel it—so surely, there's no trace of hair left. Even in hardest-to-shave underarm curves. In a word, Schick designed Crown Jewel for women.



New Lady Schick Crown Jewel **S**



©1964 Schick Electric, Inc., Lancaster, Pa./Schick (Canada), Ltd., Ont.

LOOK 12-15-64 9





Congratulations!

### Equitable's Option lets you buy more insurance without a physical

If you're a young father, you know that your need for insurance will grow as your family grows.

What you should also keep in mind (and few men do) is that poor health later on can make you ineligible for more insurance.

That's why the best time to plan for your family's future needs is when you're young and healthy.

And the ideal way to do it is with a Living Insurance policy that includes Equitable's Option to Purchase Additional Insurance.

This little option gives you this big guarantee: No matter what your

health, you can buy more Living Insurance every three years, at option dates from age 25 to 40. You don't have to take a medical exam.

In addition, the "Stork" Option feature lets you buy more insurance after the birth of a child, using future option dates in advance.

For complete information about Living Insurance and the Equitable Option, call The Man from Equitable.

He has the knowledge and experience to help you plan a secure future for yourself and your family.

**LIVING INSURANCE...FROM EQUITABLE**

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES  
Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas,  
New York, N.Y. 10019-3564



### LETTERS continued

made a most significant contribution in helping America overcome its indifference and lack of will to come to grips with... this basic human problem: How does a free society meet basic human needs in the broad areas of hospital-medical care? My congratulations for a masterful job....

WALTER REUTHER, President  
United Auto Workers of America  
Detroit, Mich.

... As a senior medical student, I can testify that treatment of the patient, rather than the disease, is being emphasized in medical schools today. In many cases, however, what is best for the patient necessitates the application of skills from many diverse specialties, causing him, and justifiably so, to feel fragmented. Yet it is not possible that if the patient's image of the doctor has changed, the very cause for the tarnished image has brought about better overall medical care for the patient? Perhaps the next step is a reeducation of the public in terms of what they should expect from their doctor, rather than the other way around.... The omnipotent role of the physician as counselor and "listener" has given way to more scientific, if less fatherly, medicine....

ROBERT R. THOMPSON  
Philadelphia, Pa.

... The solution to the problem lies not in "socialization" of medicine, but in massive Federal aid to the medical schools across the country; this is an alternative solution which the author has seemingly overlooked. The medical schools of today should be expanded and new ones built, to meet the rising needs of the population.... If the incentive produced by profits is forcefully taken away from U.S. doctors, the quality of treatment and results will be lowered....

HENRY G. VAN DER EB, JR.  
Lake Forest, Ill.

In regard to [your statement], "some critics assert, the medical profession is not eager to create too much competition." The AMA is using extensive methods to try to secure more and better young people to enter the profession of medicine through talks... before high-school groups, scholarships and the massive loan fund AMAERF, through which medical students and interns can borrow money.... Doctors not only support this and other AMA activities with their funds, but also give scholarships to medical students at the state and local levels.... This negates any idea of a fear of competition....

RICHARD W. GARLICKS, M.D.  
Havertown, Pa.

... If the editor feels that our doctors are the root of our problem on medical expenses, why does he say we need more doctors?...

MRS. T. L. BASH  
Bark River, Mich.

### John Birch Society

In his letter regarding the Birch Society ("Why I Can't Join the John Birch Society," Look, November 3), Richard Bacon shows himself to be a man of remarkable concern, conscience and courage. Few citizens expend the time and effort required to inform themselves thoroughly on a position with which they so obviously

expect to disagree.... I hope everyone, particularly members of Mr. Bacon's own community, whether pro- or anti-Birch Society, will appreciate this lucid delineation made, as it is, by a brave and responsible citizen.

MRS. GERALD FRIED  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

... Having been a member of the John Birch Society since May of 1962, with my knowledge of the Society, it was not necessary to read beyond the first two paragraphs to know that the article is a complete "phony." The rest of the article is... full of the usual smears, distortions and lies we have heard so often. One item to point up the fact that there was no truly sincere study of the purposes of the Society rests in the author's remarks in connection with "democracy," showing his abysmal ignorance of the difference between a democracy and a republic....

ELSIE I. ERICKSON  
Spokane, Wash.

... Mr. Bacon has provided the truths and reasons for not joining the Society. It's unfortunate that the efforts of the 95 percent sincerely patriotic members of the Society cannot be led by people like Mr. Bacon (who demands trial before conviction), so that a real contribution to America and democracy could be made by the Society....

PATRICK J. SANDERSON  
Tempe, Ariz.

Your sound judgment in presenting Richard Bacon's letter was greatly appreciated.... The saddest fact about the group is that... many of its members are really fine Americans, who, through fear and other techniques, are led to believe that Socialist and Communist conspiracies have taken control of all elements of our daily life.... This form of mental poison is additionally sad in that it undermines the purposes for which the Society, as I understand it, was created...: (1) less government; (2) more individual responsibility; (3) a better world.... If in reality the Society was constructively working toward these goals, it would be an organization any patriotic American could proudly join.

JAMES L. STEIN  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I believe Mr. Bacon has been led astray... in thinking that one must not condemn the John Birch Society because of... Robert Welch, for his statements and the policies of the society are wholly separate. Quite to the contrary, Mr. Welch's statements are the Society's policies.... The fact that Mr. Welch can claim that Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy were "conscious agents of the Communist conspiracy" and that communism has infiltrated and encircled 50 percent of the United States, with no opposition from people in the Society, shows how great his control is.... The members have not only accepted him as their president, but have also accepted, in full, his outline of the organization's policies, and have allowed him to represent the Society as its chief spokesman. If not the only one, in all public correspondence....

DAVID J. FORMAN  
Boston, Mass.

continued

'65 Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe. Dressed-up economy.



## Economy at its Sunday best '65 CHEVY II by Chevrolet

Now that Chevy II has more power, more dash, more comfort and has put on a new face, its economy is nicer than ever to live with. And it was pretty nice to live with before.

There's nothing straight-laced about Chevy II this year.

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Inside, Chevy II's never had so much going for it. Like on this Nova SS with its all-vinyl interior. Foam-cushioned bucket seats. Color-keyed seat belts. Newly styled instrument panel with brushed aluminum trim. Electric

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Top all this off with things like Body by Fisher, battery-saving Delcotron generator, wash-and-wear rocker panels, self-adjusting brakes, one very large trunk—and you can see

why we say Chevy II hasn't lost its economy. It's just dressed it up.

All in all, it's enough to make you want to blow a Tri-Volume horn. And you can now order one of those, too.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





BRAND NEW 1964 FIRESTONE CHRISTMAS RECORD ALBUM

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**Firestone**

LETTERS continued

... It would be nice if, in your next issue, you would include an article by some fine, erudite young man who is a registered Democrat and a Rotarian, explaining in detail why he can't join the ADA!

CARL D. PRICE  
Scranton, Kans.

... Thanks for helping me make a decision. I shall become a member of the Society which you so ineptly maligned. Like your school principal-auditor, I, too, shall "stick my neck out."

CLARENCE ECKELER  
Louisville, Ky.

Richard G. Bacon's letter... was the most simple, honest and straightforward answer to Birchism I have yet read... However, there appears a striking analogy that I believe should be noted. By his attendance at John Birch Society meetings, his friendship with a John Birch member, and his receipt and study of Society literature, Bacon has permanently branded himself a John Birchier... This reasoning... follows closely that of the John Birch Society, which wields its red paintbrush wildly when applying the "pinko"... label to anyone who may once have attended a Communist meeting or associated with a known Communist...

GLEN ETHIER  
Kirkland, Wash.

Goldwater

Your articles, *Men Behind Goldwater* and *Goldwater People* (LOOK, November 3), imply that only the big wealthy and the lunatic fringe support the Senator... Your writers have overlooked most of Senator Goldwater's appeals to his supporters of moderate means. We're not all rich, except in the heritage of our country. But we have no desire to see it throw away tax dollars in an effort to buy dubious allies, or American lives in a war we are not being allowed to win...

WILLIAM L. RUNYAN  
Fontana, Calif.

Of all the remarks and issues set forth during the campaign, I have never run across anything as revolting as the one made by Ayn Rand... "I believe every man exists for his own sake, not in order to serve others. He must not sacrifice himself to others or others to himself, etc." If there is any decency in the core of one's being,

this remark cries out in utter shame. What a sad state the world would be in if we all thought of the human fraternity in this manner!

MRS. GLORIA MAKUH  
Alton, Ill.

... Senator Goldwater, with friends like yours, who needs enemies?

JAMES E. MCCARTHY  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Teen-Age Gold Mine

... *Hollywood's Teen-Age Gold Mine* (LOOK, November 3)... is true of the life here in California, especially... about the beach and dancing all the time... People think because kids spend a lot of spare time on the beach and wear bikinis, that they are bad or something... More stories like this one would help explain... that this is not true...

BUCKY MOSEY  
Fullerton, Calif.

... I must recommend that these kids would be perfectly cast in a production of Huxley's *Brave New World*. It's apparent that they already inhabit an idiot's paradise where "pleasure is the only virtue, thought the only sin."

JANET H. KELLY  
Ocean City, Md.

... Why not have more spicy, romantic news and pictures? ... One gets so tired of politics.

E. R. MILLER  
Modesto, Calif.

The article... was most interesting. However, I tend to disagree with the writer on one point. He... implies that the star of the beach movies, Annette Funicello, is somewhat sick-looking... In my opinion, Annette is a very beautiful and charming girl. [She] is a perfect example of a model teen-ager... very religious, sincere and completely unaffected by her stardom. Most teen-agers greatly admire these qualities, and I think this explains her huge fan following...

SUSAN JACOBS  
San Mateo, Calif.

END

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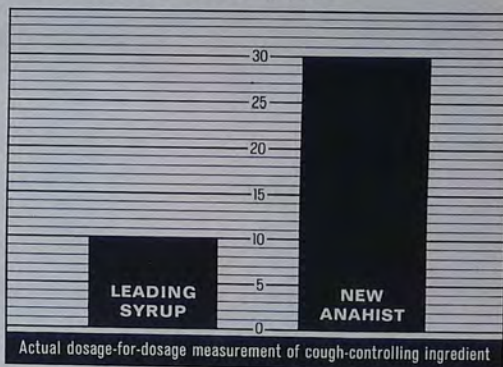
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The chart below shows you the big, big difference between an amazing new cough formula from the famous Anahist research laboratories... and today's leading syrup.



The chart is an actual quantitative measurement of the cough-controlling ingredient in each formula. It shows that new Anahist is formulated 3 times stronger. That is, it gives you 3 times more cough-controlling ingredient!

New Anahist has the power to relieve the coughs of colds, flu... even bronchitis! And it has continuous action. Just one dosage gives up to 8 full hours of continuous relief—lets you sleep all night or work all day in comfort! Don't settle for a weaker syrup that gives out sooner. Get the one that's 3 times stronger—new Anahist Continuous Action Cough Medicine.



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LIKE GIVING TWO TOASTERS IN ONE. This Toastmaster 4-slice toaster pops up a family-size order of toast all at once. And, it's the only 4-slice model with separate controls for each pair of slots. Makes light and dark toast simultaneously. Two balanced toasting elements for each slot insure perfect toast every time. When toasting 1 or 2 slices, uses just half the power. Model D111.



DRIES HER HAIR QUICKLY and quietly—just the way she wants. Large bonnet, choice of 4 speeds make this Toastmaster Hair Dryer most desirable. In smart tapestry-print handbag case. Model 1622.



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ONE OF TEN different Toastmaster Power Tools. All are precision crafted for years of dependable use. He'll love 'em. Shown,  $\frac{3}{8}$ " drill. Model 5421.

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If your wife doesn't give you this cordless shaver because it costs a bit more:



better luck  
next Christmas.

If there's no REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II Shaver under your tree, you'll only have yourself to blame. No woman wants to risk being called a spendthrift. Remove the risk.

Tell her about the 4 Roller Combs. How they gently roll skin down, pop whiskers into the cutters. Let you get in close. No burn.

Tell her about the big shaver head riddled with 756 slots. That each lets whiskers through never to be seen again.

Tell her about 348 cutting edges. That start keen, stay keen because they're made from surgical high-carbon steel.

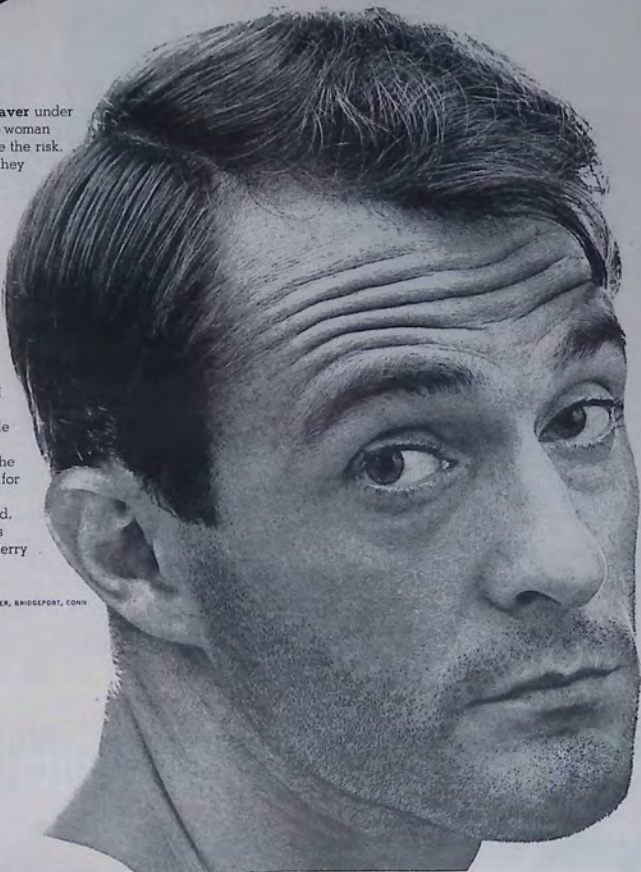
Tell her the REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II motor is the most powerful in electric shaving. That it never slows down even at tricky jaw and chin areas.

Tell her about freedom. How the LEKTRONIC II runs on rechargeable energy cells\* without a cord. No sockets tie you down. No cords tangle you up.

Tell her about the sideburn trimmer. How the head case flicks off and there's a straight edge for clean, even sideburns. Neat.

Better still. Why tell her? Show her this ad. (P.S. For Christmas the LEKTRONIC II comes in a handsome gift wrap. That's on us. Merry Christmas.)

\*Also works with a cord. If you forget to recharge.  
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Original Painting for Weyerhaeuser Company by Stan Galli

*A stillness descends on the forest.*

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A Shining Star still sparkles in the blue of the early morning sky.

Christmas has come again.

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men




Weyerhaeuser Company





# For Colds and Flu...

## DOCTORS RECOMMEND:

1. Rest in bed
  2. Drink plenty of fluids
  3. Take aspirin  
to reduce fever and relieve pain
- 

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REPORTING on a Government-Financed Study of Five Leading Pain Relievers, an article in The Journal of The American Medical Association shows that Bayer Aspirin is as gentle to the stomach as any product tested, including the higher priced buffered product. Furthermore, not one of the products tested, not even the higher priced combination-of-ingredients one that claims to be 50% stronger—none of these products is faster or stronger than Bayer Aspirin.



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Sure you can get a lamp from your supermarket. You can get almost any famous name-brand gift you want—if you shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Supermarkets, drug stores, service stations, department stores—even lumber yards and car rentals. All kinds of stores give America's most valuable, most reliable stamps. They're fine stores that give good value, too. Remember, the more you shop at the S&H sign—the more extra gifts you get at Christmas time!





## General Electric presents, with Rhyme and

### Happy Holidays



This Fashion Set Hair Dryer straps to your waist, And its new bouffant bonnet is styled in smart taste. There's a spot-curl attachment to set curls in place And a tapestry-textured carrying case.



NOEL

Here's a gift that will please her, ever so much. It pierces and opens a can at a touch. Now take a close look—it leads double lives—When not opening cans, it sharpens your knives!

### Merry Christmas

Electric, yet cordless, this knife's sure to please; It glides through a roast with the greatest of ease! So handy to store, on a wall or a shelf, It rests in its rack and recharges itself!



It's cozy and warm, and light as a feather; The Sleep-Guard® Control adjusts to the weather. A blanket to treasure, a prize among prizes, It comes in a wide choice of colors and sizes!

NOEL

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JOY



### Holiday Greetings

This new Buffet Skillet is ready and able To cook automatically—and serve at the table! The lid's extra-high, to take a roast neatly; For cleaning, the skillet immerses completely!



### Greetings

Like a Portable Mixer that sharpens knives\*, too? This General Electric is just right for you. It beats and it whips and has power to spare To mix heavy batters with nary a care!

\*Knife sharpener attachment optional.

### A Holiday Wish

An electric shoe polisher, handy and keen, Shines shoes professionally—your hands stay clean. Attachments connect at the flick of a switch, And the solid oak chest hides away in a niche.



Do you like coffee mild, or brewed rich and strong? With a Peck-A-Brew® Coffee Maker, you can't go wrong. It counts every cup, as you fill, as you pour; It's *immense*, too, so that cleaning's no chore!



MERRY CHRISTMAS

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JOY

This camera-sized Cleaner is lightweight and small; You'll whisk through the living room, bedrooms and hall. A package of power—and, wonderful news! Includes four attachments, all easy to use!



NOEL

It toasts thick and thin slices—garlic bread, too, And does what no regular toaster can do. It top-browns your muffins, and guess what? *It bakes!* A new Toast-R-Oven\*—that's all that it takes!

\*Trademark of General Electric Co.



Gets your teeth cleaner than brushing by hand, Refreshes your gums, leaves your mouth feeling grand. This toothbrush by General Electric, you see, Is cordless, yet works automatically!

Watch Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer on T.V. Tune in to a special Christmas show December 6 on the NBC television network. You'll enjoy Rudolph and his festive friends—plus Burl Ives singing bright new tunes. A fun-filled hour brought to you by General Electric.



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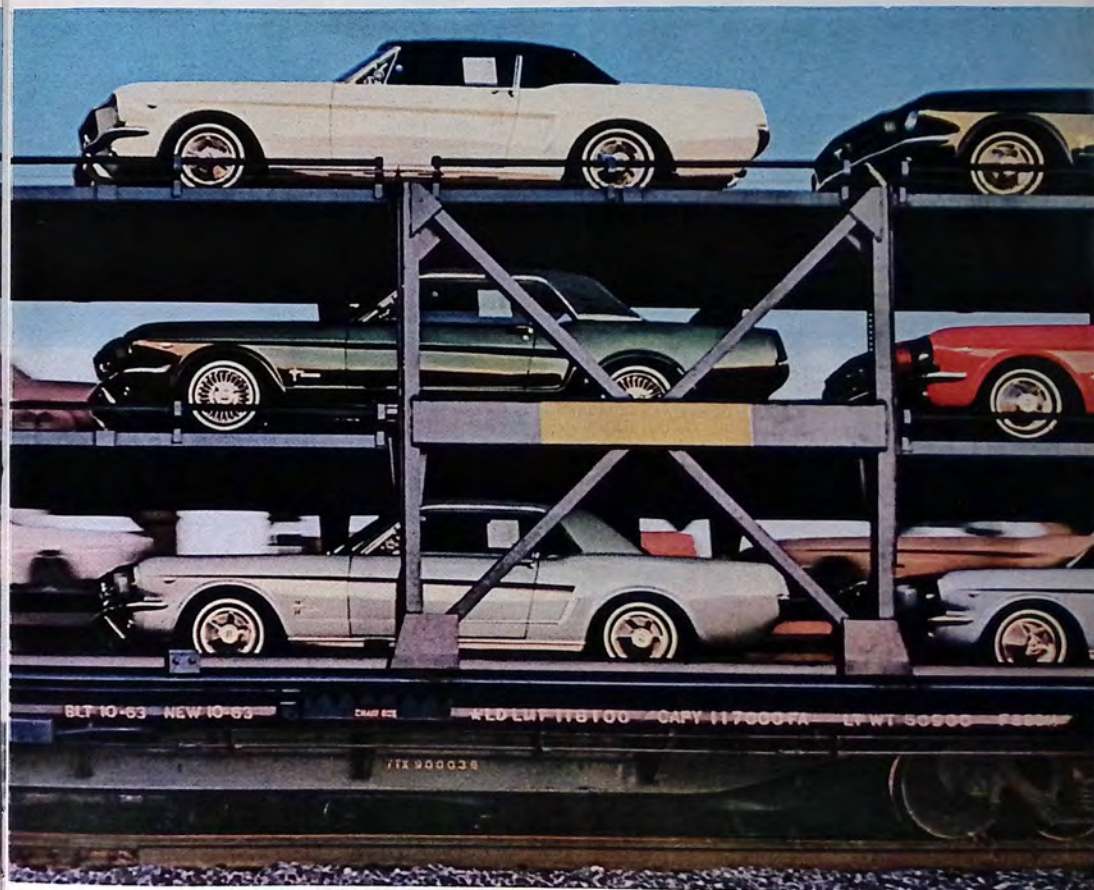
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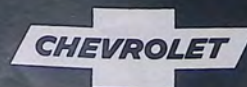
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**From one well wisher to another . . . Seagram's V.O.—Canadian whisky**

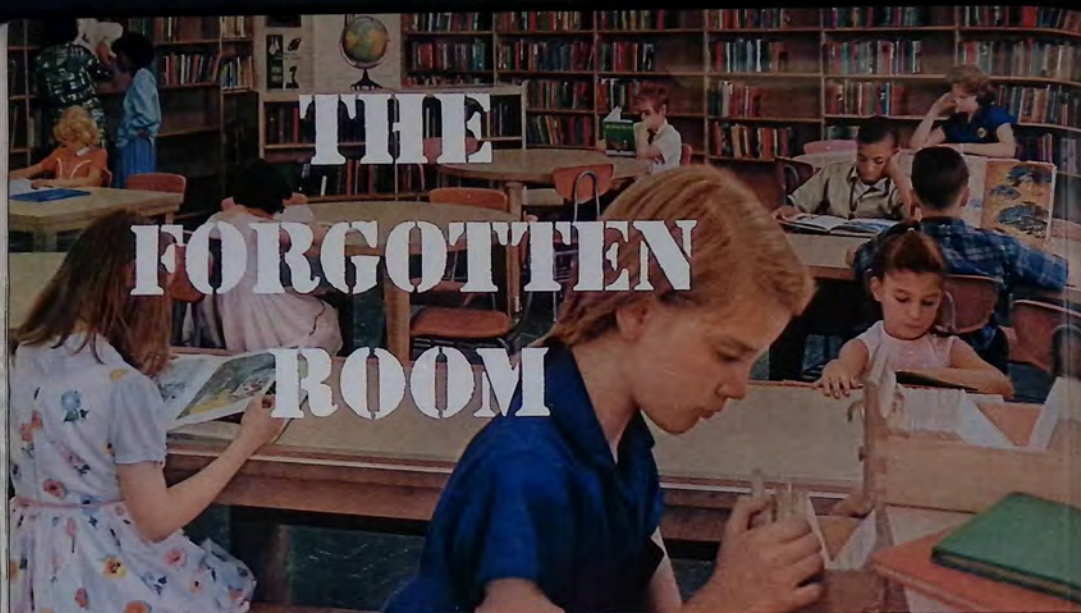


Nice to get.  
Nice to give.  
Nice and smooth.  
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Nice?



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# THE FORGOTTEN ROOM

## Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here are the reasons—and here is how you can help your child's school get the library it needs.

**G**RADES one through six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.

A few books on a classroom windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central school library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

### The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to love reading at the same time he's learning to read. Here he solves

schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery*.

### Quiz for parents

*Does your child's school have a library?*

*If it does, are there enough books to go around?*

The American Library Association recommends ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

*Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff?* In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the direction and help of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer yes to all of these questions, there is important work to be done.

### How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared

a *free kit*. Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm and hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

**FOR I-P's FREE KIT**—"How to get the school library your child needs"—or for *free reprints* of this advertisement, write to: Education Dept., Box 100D, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017.

### "Send me a man who reads!"

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**INTERNATIONAL PAPER**

A world of paper products—from shipping containers to printing paper

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LOOK ■ DECEMBER 15, 1964 Volume 28, No. 25



James Bailey, in wheelchair, joins classmates (left to right) James Allen, Donald Andre and Pantel Vokonas after graduation.

"Sweet  
are  
the  
uses  
of  
adversity"

## James Bailey, M.D.

SHAKESPEARE WROTE of adversity. James A. Bailey has lived it. As a college and professional football player, he had heard stadium applause many times. But the applause never rang more sincerely than on a sunny Friday in Columbus, Ohio, last June. That morning, at ceremonies held in the stadium of Ohio State University, Bailey was gradu-

ated a doctor of medicine. The day marked the end of an ordeal. The new physician was 37 and a paraplegic. He strained from his wheelchair and swung along on crutches toward the table piled with diplomas, across the black-topped track where, once, he had broken the quarter-mile record sprinting for Columbus East High School in 50 seconds flat.

PRODUCED BY BETTY DIETZ PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES H. KARALES

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DR. BAILEY *continued*

## The new doctor is a Baptist intern in a Roman Catholic hospital

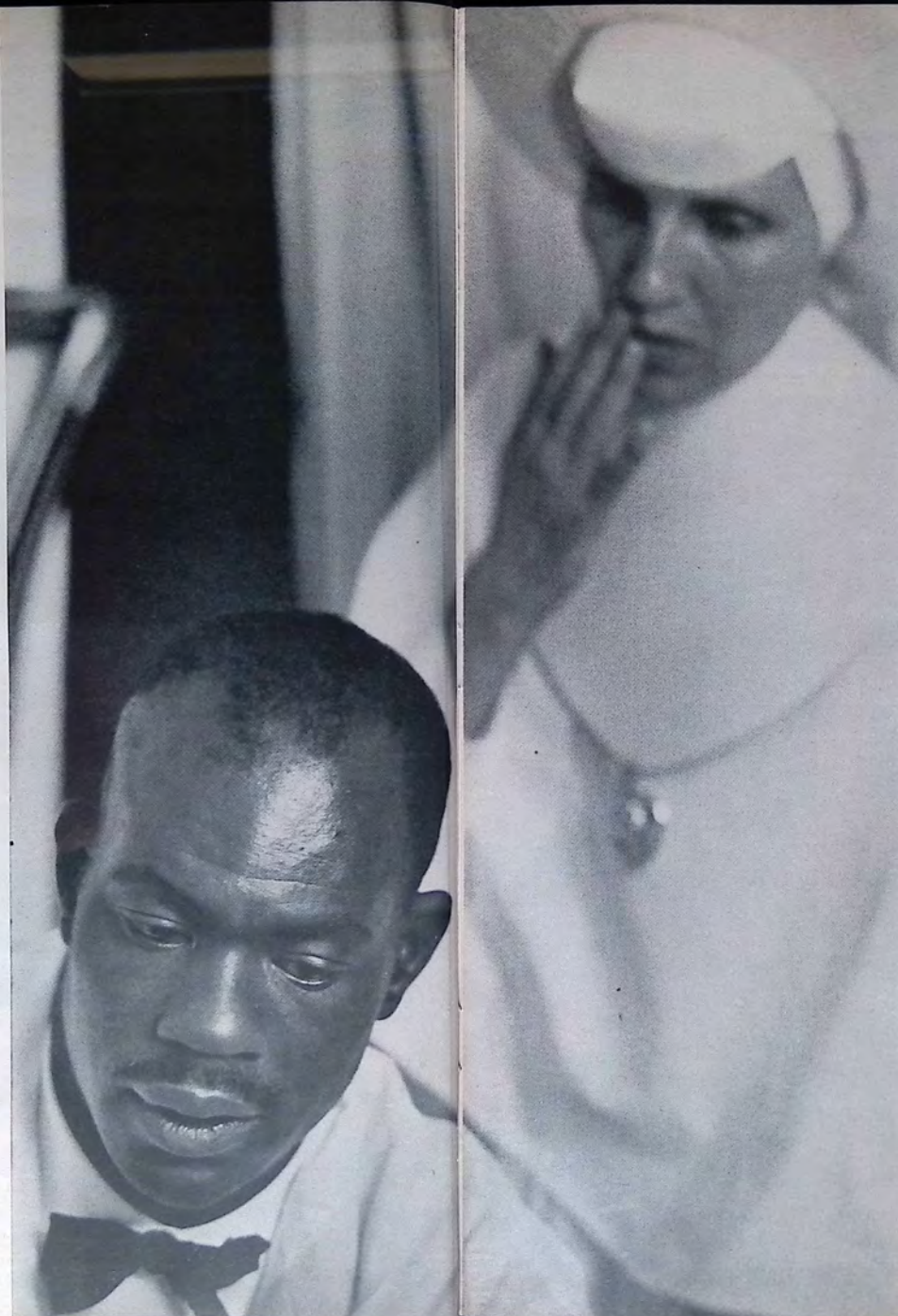
An accident four years ago paralyzed Jim Bailey from the waist down. When he applied this summer for a rotating internship at Mount Carmel Hospital in Columbus, the staff officials at first questioned whether he could keep up with the frenetic schedule. "Some had reservations," says Dr. Michael A. Anthony, the director of medical education, "but I'd had him in a clinic at Ohio State. I'd seen him wheel around in those two-by-four rooms." The hospital, which is Catholic, decided to hire the new Dr. Bailey, a Baptist. He now commutes to work in an Oldsmobile that he and his father have rigged with hand controls. Though his job pays him \$300 a month, he was so accustomed to being broke as a medical student that he forgot his first two pay days.



*Dr. Bailey urges a stubborn 90-year-old cancer patient to undergo surgery.*



*The old man listens suspiciously, decides he will leave the hospital that afternoon anyway.*



*In the quiet corridor, Dr. Bailey pauses to talk with the chief administrative surgical resident, Dr. Manuel G. Lagon. The intern mounts his crutches on the back of his wheelchair.*

*Dr. Bailey attends to neglected paperwork while Sister M. Jean Patrice looks on. The hospital is operated by the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, an order founded in France in 1841.*





Seeing his father back from surgery in far bed, a visitor collapses in shock.



Dr. Bailey drops to his knees, checks, finds he has only fainted.



An intravenous feeding gives the patient vital nourishment.

## DR. BAILEY *continued*

### He is confined to his wheelchair—until an emergency hits

As a boy, his mother said, Jim Bailey "was always doctoring the worms and butterflies." Now, he works his skill in the busy orthopedic, maternity and emergency wards. Every four days, his shift runs a straight 33 hours. When the internship is completed next July, Dr. Bailey will go back to Ohio State for specialization. At one time, he had hoped to become a general practitioner. Today, he wonders how much choice his paralysis will let him have. "Illusions have their place," he says, "but you've got to be realistic." He plans to go into physical medicine and learn to direct hospital rehabilitation and therapy programs.

Dr. Bailey makes his ward rounds with a wheelchair. In an emergency like the one on these pages, however, he will leave it without hesitation. Once he forgot his crutches and pulled his 190-pound bulk along beds, chests and tables to get to the side of a stricken coronary patient. The calm manner of this handicapped doctor reassures patients and their relatives. Said one woman, "His hands are just like silk." A patient gave him a straw handbag she had been making. "It's for your wife," she said. She did not know that last December, during his final year of medical school, Corinne Bailey had died of leukemia.



*continued*



DR. BAILEY continued

## His wife made him start again, but he finished alone



"You do suffer with people," Dr. Bailey reflects. "You get too close to them, and when you lose a patient, it hurts."

Dr. Bailey, a star athlete in high school, was a standout tackle at West Virginia State College. After graduation in 1950, he played a professional season as a lineman for the Chicago Hornets. He was being courted by the Green Bay Packers when he quit pro ball and married Corinne Harrison, a childhood friend. In 1952, the Army called him up for the Korean conflict. He served over a year in Korea as an artillery officer, winning a Bronze Star for "just doing my duty."

Discharged as a first lieutenant after 22 months, he worked for his father, a paving contractor, then decided upon medicine. He prepped himself with three quarters of science courses at Ohio State and in 1958 entered the university College of Medicine.

During the 1960 summer vacation, Bailey went back to helping his father. One day, he got out of his dump truck to check the drive shaft. The trailer he was hauling rolled forward and crushed two vertebrae in his back. For seven months, he was in a hospital. When he walked out, it was on crutches. His legs were permanently paralyzed.

Bailey picked up his medical studies again in 1961. He had to repeat his entire second year. Discouraged by his handicap and lack of money, he looked to his wife for comfort. She insisted that he continue. "I'd quit school a thousand times in my mind," he says, "but Corinne used to push me right along." She worked to support her husband and their son, Craigie. "She'd get out early to sweep the snow so I could move," he remembers. From his wheelchair, Jim Bailey learned how to be a doctor. When his turn came to assist in surgery, he locked the braces on his legs so he could stand at the operating table. His wife died a year ago, and Dr. Bailey finished school alone.

The doctor now lives with 12-year-old Craigie, in a suburban housing development. His mother comes in from the family's 21-acre farm in nearby Westerville to help with cooking and housework. "Craigie loves to wrestle with me," Dr. Bailey says, "but he's getting too big." When Craigie teased his father by running off with the crutches, Dr. Bailey learned to stand up by himself. Craigie gives him the only life he has outside his new career, and Dr. Bailey worries about the heart murmur the boy has had since the age of six.

Jim Bailey works hard as an intern. He does not dwell upon the tragedies that followed him into medicine. He explains: "I read once about two mice that fell into a bucket of cream. One gave up and drowned. The other kept struggling, churned the cream into butter and climbed out. When the going gets rough, it's this that I try to remember."



Part of a day's work: The gentle pressure of her doctor's hand comforts a patient about to undergo surgery.

Mrs. James Harris, with neighbor Roselyn Baughn, left, learns that her husband's operation was successful.

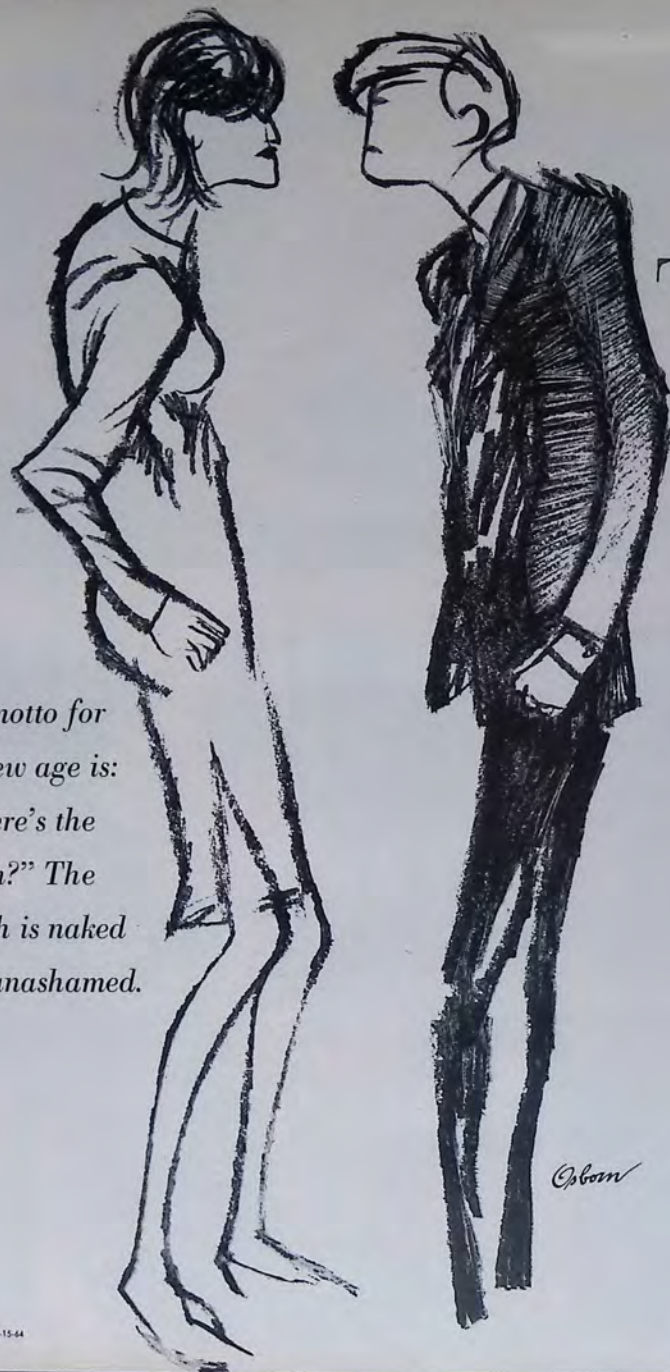


END



# THE TWISTED AGE

The motto for  
the new age is:  
"Where's the  
action?" The  
search is naked  
and unashamed.



IT LOOKS AS IF a new Jazz Age has arrived. Americans are dancing again, staying up late in night spots to do so, as they have not for many years. Girls are showing their knees, as they did with their rolled stocking tops and flying short skirts in the twenties. Bars are crowded as speakeasies never were. War and depression once more seem remote dangers, in spite of irritants like Vietnam. (A Jazz Age can always shake off irritants. The first Jazz Age shook off Benito Mussolini, who came to power in 1922, and Adolf Hitler, who led his Beer Hall Putsch in 1923.) Once again, the wail of the saxophone is heard in the land. Even the banjo is back.

But if there is a new Jazz Age going, it is like one seen in a distorting mirror. There is something strange about it.

It is a Jazz Age searching for something, perhaps itself. Its motto is: "Where's the action?" but it never seems to find it. The search is naked and unashamed. "Every night, two or three nice-looking girls ask me where they can go to meet men and have fun," says a New York taxi driver. "Not bums. Nice girls."

The people of the new Jazz Age seem curiously alone, even when they are in crowds—as they usually are. Bartenders find themselves dealing with a new type of customer. "I get people in here who don't even like to drink," says a barman in New York's theatrical district. "They stand, holding their glasses. Every time a new face comes in, they turn around, hoping for God knows what. By the end of the evening, all these loners are bagged and ready for the stomach pump."

Dancing to phonograph records is an old American diversion. It is so old that, in this Jazz Age, it has become new. Nightclub proprietors, by installing record players to replace live bands and adopting the French name "*discothèque*," have created the legend that this is where the action is. One Saturday night recently, Shephard's, New York's phenomenally successful new *discothèque* (where the customer pays a \$4 cover charge after 10 on weekends to see no show), turned away 1,200 would-be patrons, almost six times its capacity, crowding the near-Park Avenue sidewalk and begging, pleading and clamoring to be allowed in. On the street outside Whisky-a-Go Go, a top Los Angeles *discothèque* on the Strip, a girl wept when denied entrance: "Why are you keeping me out? Why can't I come in? Why?"

The questing never stops and never loses its air of loneliness. To see just what "the action" is, LOOK entered many "spots" in the big cities. Since women now go to a lot of bars and nightclubs alone (except for top-drawer places like Shephard's), one attraction must be the boy-meets-girl feature, the standard antidote to loneliness.

But in the new Jazz Age, even the pick-up pattern is changing from its old shape of youth reaching out to youth, or the butter-and-egg man searching for something pretty. In one ornate bar, off Fifth Avenue in midtown, a young LOOK researcher, waiting in the lounge, was approached by a woman of about 50, who put her hand on his knee and asked, "Are you alone too?" No woman of the night, she was well dressed and obviously prosperous. She said she had already been in two other places, and was at the moment vexed because the current place of entertainment would not give her a table. It was

against their policy to serve unescorted women on a Saturday night.

Later, at another nearby spot, the same researcher got into conversation with a prosperous-looking man in his thirties. He was a Ph.D., employed as a researcher by a major corporation. "Wouldn't you feel compromised," asked the reporter, "if a co-worker saw you picking up a girl here?" "Are you kidding?" replied the doctor of philosophy. "Everybody does it. How else can you meet anybody?"

In spite of the ease of these casual meetings, the night fight against loneliness never seems to be won. Barmen agree that the same people come back constantly. In a Greenwich Village nightclub, a reporter watched a young man at the bar announce, "I live with my parents in Queens, which means I haven't got a home. Who am I gonna shack up with tonight?" An anemic-looking young girl approached him and circled his waist with her arm. Another girl at the bar whispered, "She's always doing that. She thinks every guy she meets is going to be her ideal lover, and they'll live happily ever after. It never works out, so she comes in every night, still looking."

A San Francisco woman in her thirties had no difficulty reciting the names of eight "respectable" pick-up bars in her city. "Friday night is pick-up night," she said. "You go out alone. It's understood that you don't make dates with your regular friends." Some bars in San Francisco are so well known for this function that it is expected that any girl who enters means to "go for broke." In one, girls sit by themselves at tables against a wall, waiting; young men come in, look over the field, select partners and sit down with them. These are employed people, not casuals of the night. Several clubs in San Francisco and Los Angeles feature telephones at every table, to allow any customer to ring any other. Miami also has one.

On the dance floor, if anywhere, one would expect to see loneliness dissolve. After all, people dance together. Or do they? The characteristic dances of our new age of revelry are all variants of the twist: the frug, the Watusi, the surf, the monkey and many others. But watch these dances on any *discothèque* floor: The dancers do not touch, they do not talk, they do not even look at each other. Each seems caught in a secret, melancholy seizure, shaking and shivering and shuddering. Each does whatever charade the name of the dance calls for, pretending to wash clothes in the wash, or to hitch a ride in the hitchhiker. Doing the monkey, one climbs an imaginary tree. Eyes appear to be turned inward. The partners, if they move their feet at all, may wander away from each other, lost in their private transports. They look as if their bodies are screaming.

"It's a kind of fertility rite, designed to combat the sterility of modern life," says a young medical student, asked to account for his generation's dancing style. But this is fertility magic without bodily contact. Cheek-to-cheek dancing would seem out of place, too simple, too sweet, too naïve. These people are looking for something else. Asked what that something else is, a student nurse, dancing at one of the lesser spots, says, "It's sort of sexy in a clean way. All those bodies grinding, but never touching." Another girl contributes, "I like it when the boys wear real tight pants, and they shake." A third comes out

continued

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN





There is a silent, brooding watchfulness about the people of the new age. Even in a crowd, as they usually are, they seem alone.

## THE TWISTED AGE continued

with: "You don't even need a partner. The man doesn't lead, and the girl doesn't have to follow. She can do it without a man. It's equality!"

There have been far-out dances before (remember the lindy hop, the Charleston?), but they did not have the private look of today's exercises. There was also joy and laughter and talk. F. Scott Fitzgerald, laureate of the last Jazz Age, wrote heartbreaking stories of the beautiful young people on the dance floor, who loved each other so very much, who talked and sang and then went out to wade in any handy fountain. These are not the feelings and pleasures one senses in a discothèque today.

"If the people start to talk, I make the music louder," says George (Slim) Hyatt, the *disquaire* at Shephard's. (The *disquaire* is the master of the phonograph records; peering through a slit in the wall, he gauges the mood of the crowd and decides when to let up with a sweet number, when to turn the dancers on with a hot series.)

At Trude Heller's in Greenwich Village, which has live music, but features the new dances, even couples at the tables seemed rarely to talk. When one man wanted to dance, he merely got up, wordlessly took his companion's hand and led her to the floor. They didn't smile. They danced, finished, sat down. He said, "Let's cut out." She asked, "My place or yours?" and they went off.

There is a brooding watchfulness. Many customers simply sit and look. At another Greenwich Village spot, selected couples do the dancing for a good part of each evening, while patrons merely observe—one step further removed from the gay meeting of bodies that a dance can be. In Los Angeles' Whisky-a-Go-Go, withdrawal goes a stage further: Two girls in brief costumes do the dance maneuvers in a cage that descends from the ceiling, while the patrons rest from their own efforts. It is as if the people who come out at night carry some grudge against the modes of ordinary life, and are searching to find a way to express it, rather than really break the shell of loneliness.

Look questioned 100 young people of both sexes, to try to learn what today's pleasure seekers hope to find in their ceaseless, wheeling night searches. Some surprising material turned up. Asked whether love and romance were the objects of his efforts, a New York student of 22 said, "Love! You've got to be kidding. Sex—good, old, healthy sex is what I want. I don't need love." When asked to differentiate sex from love, he said, "Easy. Sex is conquest. Love is surrender. Who wants to surrender?"

Startlingly, an explicit, articulate hostility to the idea of falling in love turned up often. A young Chicagoan, lately out of an Ivy League college, testified, "College men who fall in love with girls are considered saps. The guys who pay little attention to girls except to satisfy sexual needs are the ones most respected." A 25-year-old Miami male boasted, "I never even use the word 'love' with a girl. I play it cool."

Jeanne Knakal, consultant in family living for the Family Service Society of Marin County, California, reported "a growing pattern of emotional uninvolvedness." She added, "This goes for single males even up into their forties, who, these days, often seem to try to live and act like boys. They are proud that they don't feel anything. Men of college age frequently discuss love in cynical terms. Their favorite remark is: 'How long does love last?' I've heard them talk about deliberately not seeing the same girl too often, in order, as they put it, to 'thwart the psychodynamics of emerging romance.'"

In a Twisted Age, love means unwelcome responsibility, while sex is emotional candy, freely available. In New York, the story was capped by a girl college student, who remarked, "In a year, your eye catches dozens of prospective partners. How could you love all of them? I'm not hung up on the idea that love, sex and marriage inevitably must go together. I'm basically pro-sex. I find the thought of sex used exclusively for pleasure congenial and attractive." (Researchers were continually startled by the frankness with which young men and women detailed their sex notions. Candor fades out at about the 35-year level. It seems to have no limits below that.)

Part of the questing of our time, then, is for untold peaks of physical satisfaction. The lonely people search for it on the night streets, but it carries over even into marriage itself, as a staple of our new thinking. "We've been getting an increasing number of women complaining that their husbands are sexually uninterested," says Irwin Stein, executive director of Family Service of Westchester County, New York. "They'll come in and tell us their husbands don't want sex often enough, or are too casual and hurried about it." In California, Family Service of Marin County has experienced a similar increase in the incidence of such complaints. Apparently, expectations have been aroused in this area of human behavior exceeding those that most people held in earlier generations.

Perhaps as an offshoot, wild stories of "wife-swapping" now spread from time to time in some suburban areas. Three or four such flurries occurred near San Francisco in recent months. A city detective in Sacramento described one such setup, involving 32 couples, "white-collar executives in their twenties." One member claimed the club was useful because it eliminated the need "to go to bars to strike up acquaintance with strangers of the opposite sex." (Drinking was demurely banned at the group's meetings.) "We're all interested in sex, and there's no rough stuff," said the member who talked. The club came to police attention when one couple, bored with available partners, advertised cryptically in a newspaper to solicit others with similar interests. There were no prosecutions. Assistant District Attorney Robert Puglia held that a private exchange of spouses among adults for temporary pleasure was no crime. Another California operation, at a lower social level, published a mimeographed magazine for its 2,000 subscribers. This time, there were arrests, and the magazine was put out of business by postal authorities.

Night life in the modern manner shows up in the interior of the country as well as in the great cities of the national perimeter. In Indianapolis, a row of nightclubs, featuring the characteristic stylized

## "Sex is conquest. Love is surrender. Who wants to surrender?"

revelry of today, lines North Meridian Street, the city's entertainment "strip." In one, squads of four to six dancers do the new twist movements, while, at endless rows of tables, the customers solemnly watch. The dancers do "bumps"; at times, the girls hoist their skirts, clasp their legs around a male dancer's waist and hang down backward from him. Two girls sit at a table alone; the bandleader points them out, saying, "If you want to dance, fellas, there they are." A man approaches silently, takes one of the girls to the floor, silently they twist, and silently she goes back to her table. Admission is a dollar, and the large room is crowded on a weekday night. Every two hours, a belly dancer performs in another room. The crowd moves over, orders more drinks, watches the dancer's pneumatic abdomen, and goes back.

In another club up the street, an equally silent audience stares at a girl in tight black pants twisting for them on a platform, in between general dance sessions on the floor. Staring, not participating, seems to be the norm. At a third place, there is a band, but no dancing; the waitresses wear short costumes, revealing mesh-stockinged legs; the customers watch them, like a floor show, as they circle, carrying drinks.

If entertainment in most cities is hard to tell from that in New York, social problems, too, are beginning to show a certain similarity. Henry Graham, executive director of Family Service Association of Indianapolis, one of the country's most progressive social agencies, says of his city: "This is a middle-of-the-road place. Emotionally, Indianapolis still has many rural ties. Social change comes late here. But we see some of the drift in the direction of individual purposelessness that one sees now in New York."

Graham says that many far-out people of the Twisted Age don't even go to social agencies for help ("Presumably, they don't have enough motivation to improve themselves"), but, he adds, "We learn

Differences between the sexes are blurred by the often freakish fashion trends of today's youth. In the mass, they all look alike.



Osborn

about them from worried relatives and the people they are married to. Even settlement-house families are often concerned about their odd-ball kids." He lists, among typical situations:

- The wife who complains that her young husband seeks only to gratify his own needs, spending slender family resources on a sports car, with doctor's bills unpaid, and having, apparently, no internal standards to guide his conduct.
- A young man of great potential, with an IQ approaching 200, who will neither study nor work; he vegetates at home.
- A young girl who sleeps with an endless series of men, delightedly telling her parents of each experience in order to horrify them.
- A young man whose sole interest in life is "shacking up" and who has an incredible collection of bedmates. On his first meeting with a girl, he asks if she possesses contraceptive equipment. If she does not, he crosses her off his list; if she does, he adds her to it.
- A sharp increase in illegitimate births, apparently due to a desire by young people to "punish" their parents. Social workers now generally accept the theory that there is a "protest" motivation behind many such pregnancies.

"This is materialism carried to its ultimate," says Graham. "This is what happens when possessions and scientific know-how become a way of life, while human values are pushed down to third or fourth place, or left out." Among other changes in his area, Graham notes that "illegitimacy is still a disgrace, but not a horrible disgrace any more—not an earthshaking disgrace."

Muncie, about 50 miles northeast of Indianapolis, is the "Middle-town" about which the famous sociologists Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd wrote in the twenties and thirties. The city was visited to see how Middletown, U.S.A., fares in the Twisted Age. "Some elements

continued



## THE TWISTED AGE continued

of fright, despair and uncertainty that did not exist four or five years ago are now to be found among some groups of young adults," says Richard Huyck, executive director of the city's Family Counseling Service. Huyck agrees that, while superficial signs of revelry are present, these are marked by a troubled, uncommunicative quality. He notes that students who, a few years ago, would have gone home for spring vacations, now seem to prefer not to be home at all, but to roam in migratory groups to Florida, the Bahamas and other spots. He sees this as an indication of a generation's anxiety: "They can't communicate with their elders, so they huddle with their own kind." He believes the new dances may be an expression of these troubled feelings, but without offering a way of communication. "Young adults are seeking answers," he says, "in a process that is not all bad. Many are still idealistic, many are serious-minded; they're not afraid to ask questions, they're not afraid to seem naive."

Among several places in Muncie where dancers express themselves is Club 67. Waitresses in this large room wear short costumes and fancy hairdos; while they trotted around the floor, carrying drinks, at the time of LOOK's visit, a girl dressed in an outfit resembling a sequined bathing suit did the "new" dances with a male partner. Thus, midnight in Middletown.

A young girl, just out of Indiana University at Bloomington, contributes a Twisted Age social note: "I like the new dances because they take my mind off my problems, off society itself. These dances

*Many elders simply imitate, rather than direct, the younger generation*



Increasingly, older women who follow the dictates of the new age strive to look like small girls.

are hard to do. You can't think about anything else while you are lost in them. You exhaust yourself, then you can nap for two or three hours without a sleeping pill. Whatever was on your mind is gone." The mixed-up dances are directly tied to mixed-up feelings.

Whatever its activities, the Twisted Age seems to draw most of its inspiration from youth. We have heard of the need for leading youth, but what we seem to be developing is a large group of youth-followers. "There is an adulation of youth, a worship of youth, an emphasis on remaining young," says an experienced New York nightclub figure. "That's why elders dance the frug." L'Interdit, the prominent private discotheque club in Manhattan's Hotel Gotham, levies dues of \$30 a year on members under 30, but rates go up at higher age levels. However elaborate and lavish these establishments sometimes are, the activities taking place in them are based on what the youngsters happen to be doing. Apparently distressed by their inability to communicate with the younger generation, many elders are simply imitating it. In setting up nighttime entertainment, says *Variety*, the show-business weekly, one looks to "see what is 'in' with the kids."

Increasingly, women who follow the trends of the new age strive to look like small girls. Skirts are up, for "leg interest." One fashion writer stamped her approval on the idea that women under 30 can wear their skirts above the knees. The result is a juvenile exposed-thigh look, like that of small girls in party frocks. One Paris designer this year put baby caps on his models, and another, Castillo, used a 14½-year-old mannequin to show off his styles for women. Rudi Gernreich of Los Angeles, Austrian-born creator of the topless bathing suit, says candidly, "True fashion is never flattering to women; it departs from the old and usually entails an element of shock to the untrained eye."

Shock there often is: Gernreich goes in for what he calls the "outer space" look, "top and pants, very stark and streamlined." When the far-out woman of today isn't looking like a leggy small girl, or a spaceman up a creek without a retrorocket, she often looks like an old-time slave driver, with boots above her knees, exposed thighs in heavy hose and a kind of hangman's jerkin of leather or thick wool. This particular look, which might be called the "mean look," or the "drop-dead look," moved a New York taxi driver to say, "I see these young girls with the boots and leather coats and fur hats, and I wonder who would marry such a nut. Does a man want to come home to a Cossack?" A fireman at Lincoln Center said, "These girls come out with their crazy clothes on, their hair glued to their heads, the eyes all painted, and with these real skinny bodies, and the guys around here make bets on who is a model, and who is a male homosexual dressed up like a woman."

Differences between the sexes often seem blurred by the newer clothes. Pants are "in" for women, for almost any occasion except, perhaps, an opera opening. "I am not mad to see women wearing pants on the street," said top American designer Norman Norell, recently, "but it looks as if fashion is headed in that direction." Norell's own famous divided skirts or culottes are, he says, "a little more pantsy" this fall. Among current new models by other designers are narrow breeches that come out from under skirts stopping far above the knee, and the "pants suit," which looks like a man's suit except that the jacket is tighter, the pants looser. To this trend toward a more masculine appearance, the Paris designer Estel recently added the "Yul Brynner look": his models appeared with shaved skulls partly hidden by hats. The Twisted Age features anti-clothes in which to do the anti-dances and engage in anti-romance.

Crowded together in pleasure palaces, the people of the Twisted Age tend to look alike in the mass and, for all their startling clothes, to lose whatever individuality they may have hoped for. "They all want you to remember them when they come in a second time," says a Manhattan bartender near the United Nations, "and they're hurt when you don't, but I can't tell 'em apart."

A philosophical barman in Greenwich Village contributed a meditation: "How can I remember them? They don't know who they

continued

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## THE TWISTED AGE continued

*To become too passionate about anything appears to be bad form*

are themselves. They don't have a clue. They wear the same clothes, like camouflage. It's like they don't want to let anyone find out who they are until they find out first themselves."

Drink dispensers agree that gaiety seems largely absent, and that this is very different from the Jazz Age of the twenties, when men and girls drank perhaps too many stingers, danced on Fifth Avenue and maybe stole rides on milk wagons. "People used to drink to pep it up a bit, now they drink to calm down so they won't blow their stacks," says a New York bartender. "We drink, not to have fun, but to survive," remarked a Chicago college girl. Always, there is the feeling that the people of the Twisted Age are trying to prove something. "The guy in the neat suit, with no dirt under his fingernails, drinks to prove he's as much of a man as his father," says a head barman in New York's theatrical district. "The old-timers didn't have to prove anything. And while they swore, they didn't talk dirty. The crew-cut, manicured string beans who come in today often have filthy mouths."

Look tried several attitude studies on the 100 persons it interviewed in New York City, which was selected as the pace-setter for the Twisted Age. (The group represented, largely, young adults; all were above high-school age, most were under 35. A fair sampling was taken of New York's ethnic and income groupings.) In one opinion study, the interviewees were reminded of last winter's prostitution scandal on Long Island, which involved more than a dozen married women, including several mothers, who, with their husbands' consents, went out on calls to "see" men at charges of \$25 to \$100. Most of those interviewed had heard the story. Startlingly, 77 percent felt themselves unable to make a moral judgment on whether the housewife-prostitutes should be condemned. A few thought they should be admired. Said an airline hostess, "If there are children involved, I say they should be condemned, but if they can be married to some jerk for many years, and other men still find them attractive, and are willing to pay besides, I say they should be admired." From a salesgirl in a Fifth Avenue department store, "I see all this beautiful stuff I'll never have, and I wonder if it's worth it to be good. What's the difference, one man every night or a different man?" An office worker said wistfully, "It should only happen to me."

The hero of *What Makes Sammy Run?*, Bad Schulberg's highly successful story, is a conniving moviemaker, who dishonorably and ruthlessly exploits other people to rise in the world. Of those among the interviewees who knew the story, 13 percent saw Sammy as unprincipled. But an amazing 26 percent saw him as clever and resourceful, a man to be imitated, while 24 percent felt, with a kind of dour sympathy, that vicious Sammy was a victim, a product of his times. Many could not make up their minds about him. A Barnard undergraduate said, "I just don't know. Sammy seems to be unprincipled, but everybody I know or read about in the papers seems to be like Sammy." A cabdriver: "Sammy is an operator, like all big shots. That's the way you get big, by operating. I only wish I had the knack."

A yearning for the past unexpectedly showed up. The 18-to-24-year-old group revealed a strong interest in old movies. About a quarter of the student group expressed the belief that Clark Gable and Jean Harlow best represented an "adult love relationship"; almost as many felt that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers were the best movie symbols of "youth and energy." This interest in old films seemed happily wholesome—except for the possibility that it, too, represented some kind of running away from the realities of today, like drinking, like "disco" gyrating. In all, 57 percent of the younger group preferred American films, mainly older ones.

As against this nostalgic contingent, 43 percent of younger adults liked "realistic" foreign films of the "new wave" type, in which the characters attempt to solve life's problems while busy with in-and-out-of-bed acrobatics. A girl graduate student said, "The way they meet

situations is different from the cotton-candy hokey you get out of Hollywood. Take Doris Day. Every picture she makes has a sex theme: 'Oh, she mustn't, but maybe she will.' Then look at Vadim's pictures from France. He says, 'She will, but maybe she shouldn't.' That's the way girls think today. All that 'sweetheart, will you remember?' routine is nonsense. Nobody remembers. There's no time."

Whatever it likes or doesn't like, the young-adult group tends to hold its enthusiasms in check. To become too passionate about anything appears to be bad form. This does not, obviously, apply to all—many young people today join the Peace Corps, espouse causes and do community work—but indifference as a conscious state of mind turned up often enough to be noticeable. A recent graduate of an Eastern college said, "The guys most respected were the cool heads who never got too active or really involved. They just sort of floated through school and acted bored." A professor at a college in the Chicago area decried the apathy of his students and said that the happiest day of his life had been when two of them had gotten into a fistfight in class during a political argument. "I felt there was some hope after all," he said. "We're tolerant of each other's defects," commented a New York youth, "no matter what these are, sexual or otherwise. It's a kind of mutual dirt-under-the-rug arrangement, and no call to get excited." In San Francisco, a young girl said, "We like the Beatles because they don't take themselves or us seriously. If they started to play to us, instead of staring at us dead-pan, they'd be through. We like it that they don't care."

All this may be cover. There seemed to be plenty of emotion, under the surface. More than once, a member of the young-adult group would break into a diatribe: "You see a picture of a thousand corpses being bulldozed into a mass grave by the Nazis, and then you hear about this great Greco-Roman-Judeo-Christian tradition of the inviolability of the human person, and you begin to wonder if it isn't all a great deception." Another felt that the continued existence of "prisons, concentration camps, the works," in many countries, from Ghana to Cuba, "points out the poyness of the whole moral code we live by." It seemed to interviewers that beneath the bizzarries of much Twisted Age conduct lay deep feelings of moral frustration, rage at injustice and, sometimes, almost intolerable despair. (It was the young man who hated concentration camps who remarked that he believed in sex, because he could experience it, but wasn't sure about love—"You can't see it or touch it.")

Interviewers did not feel that the young-adult group simply did not care—they often seemed more like people who were adrift, and bitter about finding themselves so, and perhaps anxious to punish the society that had created environmental conditions of danger and pressure to make them what they were. The impression could not be escaped that much Twisted Age behavior was not mere eccentricity, or self-indulgence, but a deep and painfully felt comment, often an ironic one, on an imperfect world. To see the odd behavior and not to notice the anguish behind it is to miss the story.

Perhaps even the dancers, then, feel something and are trying to say something as they jiggle. An expert on human behavior, Dorothy Cason, executive director of Family Service of Miami, says that "an almost nonsensical reaction" is sometimes produced as a reflection of "disorder in society showing up in the lives of people within the society." Many people "have not developed the capacity to cope well," says Miss Cason, with the pressures of today's accelerated living, and, as they try to give expression to their disturbed feelings and needs, "language becomes codified into a series of catch phrases or jargon that is meaningless except to those in the know. The bop and bebop talk of a number of years ago, the names of current dances, are examples. So are the sick comedians, the fads for silly jokes like elephant stories, and the topless bathing suits." The "nonsensical reaction"

continued



"... and a poinsettia for the  
Missus. She gets kind of lonesome  
on Christmas Eve."



"... an H-10 to Toledo,  
and the card should  
say 'Miss you! Will be  
home by the 20th' ..."



"... H-1 from the Selection Guide.  
You say I sound like who?"



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## THE TWISTED AGE continued

*Continuity of marriage is  
no longer considered a need*

syndrome has reached the stage where to call a girl by an unprintable name, to her face, is regarded, in some college circles, as a sincere compliment, and brings a gratified smile in response.

As for the emphasis on sex, rather than love, among initiates of the Twisted Age, "a cold attitude toward love," says Chaytor D. Mason, teacher of aviation psychology at the University of Southern California, is indicative of a person under threat. "Society is under threat from many directions," he says, "automation, racial conflicts, nuclear arsenals. It is the threat of a very uncertain future." And, Mason finds, just as a pilot trapped in a burning plane rarely communicates with the ground, so earthbound citizens, when under pressure, tend to cut off the kind of communication love needs.

The Jazz Age of the twenties was the period of the "flapper" and the "drugstore cowboy." It had its own weird dress (the raccoon coat), its own wild dances, its own "nonsense" language ("So's your old man!" and "Banana oil!"). But Dr. Frank A. Cizon, director of research for the Loyola School of Social Work in Chicago, while agreeing that there are definite parallels between the Twisted Age and the twenties, notes that there are also many contrasts: "In both eras, you find young people rebelling against norms," he says. "In the 1920's, however, there were strong family ties, national ties and neighborhood ties. These were the norms that young people knew they could fall back on if they got tired of trying to rebel. Now, we don't really have norms. A young person has nothing to go back to, and it shakes his security." In rebelling, some young people are actually looking for new norms, Dr. Cizon believes, rather than going away from them. It is a stunning experience to hear young adults say blandly, "I don't believe in anything; I don't know what to believe in," but it happened to LOOK interviewers.

Family unity is lacking, Dr. Cizon finds. Often there is not a "unity of love," but only a kind of loose family "unity of companionship," if that. Continuity of marriage is no longer considered a basic need by many. Society itself scatters family members, to their own interests and paths. This social system tends to create indifference. In a sense, a number of social chickens are coming home to roost in the Twisted Age. Several students of behavior, including Miami's Miss Cason, believe that bright-eyed youth has looked upon broken homes and broken marriages, and has come, in many cases, to the cynical conclusion that marriage itself lacks value. "If it doesn't

continued



LOOK 12-15-64

BILL YATES

"Why aren't you out making a hit record?"

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LOOK 12-15-64 45





You're only young once or twice

For the woman who dares to be different.

## THE TWISTED AGE continued

*Enthusiasm and idealism  
have been discarded*

last, what good is it?" is a cry heard often. Here, the broken-home problem comes full circle, affecting not only marriages that are, but marriages to be and marriages that will never be.

In a sense, the people of the Twisted Age are adult dropouts—as frustrated high-school youngsters drop out of school, these drop out of the normal responsibilities of adult life. This is the price we pay, as a society, for not solving problems. Dr. Cizon believes the social system has changed more than the people in it, that although there is more mass indifference today, there are still many who are interested in human progress and betterment, many youngsters still filled with enthusiasm. "But somewhere along the way," he says, "these young people seem to lose their enthusiasm and idealism." He believes these qualities are not dead, only latent.

The descriptions of far-out behavior in this study do not apply to millions of young adults who accept and enjoy what normal life has to offer. But there are enough of the others to constitute a leading element, and to give an off-color stamp and stigma to our age. Perhaps we have not troubled enough, in our concentration on providing fun and "interesting activities" for our young, to realize that they also have fierce ideals and burning questions, which need expression. "The youth find there are so few things about which they can express their ideals," says Dr. Cizon. "They begin to ask themselves questions like, 'Where can I find an honest man?' and 'Whom can you trust?' When they find the adult world has no answers for these things, they tend to become pessimistic and then indifferent."

The results are the convoluted twists of the Twisted Age. I will not soon forget the girl who told of the young man who approached her in a friend's house and asked, out of the blue, "Would you care for a little sexual intercourse?" I will not forget the married couple who recounted an invitation received from casual hosts, at a dinner party: "How about some nude bathing in the pool?" Soon, perhaps, our culture, which prides itself on an ability to have fun, and to sell anything in the world, must consider the importance of "selling" unending and loyal love, with its deep implications, as the only worthwhile way of life. The children are watching.

END



LOOK 12-15-44

RICHARD DECKER

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The  
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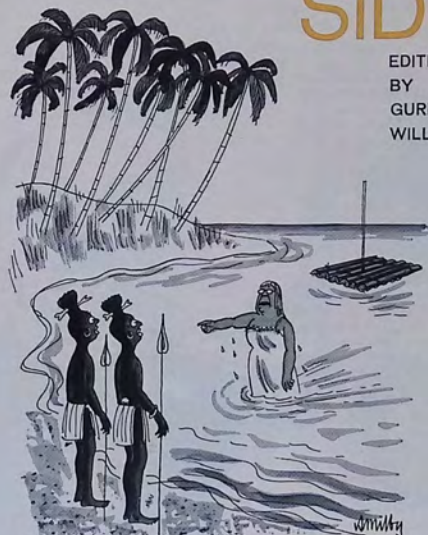


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## LOOK ON THE LIGHT SIDE

EDITED  
BY  
GURNEY  
WILLIAMS



LOOK 12-15-64

"Take me to your Hilton."



"Their ages are 10, 12 and 42."

LOOK 12-15-64

### LETTER TO CAPE KENNEDY

Dear Friends:

This is not a criticism. You have done well, sending men into space, bringing them down. However, while you are paving the way to future tourist moon-junks, I do feel you should broaden the program.

So far, you have sent up the brilliant segment of our population—men who know the names of all the gadgets, and how to figure out this reentry deal—but soon there will be others up there, including a few whose minds are bent only on setting the things down before they run out of gas.

It's time now to project somebody who will really put astro-jetting to the test. I would suggest a woman. Tell her ahead of time to be sure and have the tank filled. She will forget, but if she finds herself in a tight spot through her own fault, her brain will work at its best. She will also manage to shift the blame to you, but that is a small thing for you to shoulder.

If no other woman is free, you can even send me, except on Wednesday mornings (I get my hair done then) and if I may take my own tool kit consisting of a rusty wrench, a hammer and two screwdrivers. The wrench I will use for tightening everything

loose, or vice versa. The hammer is for pounding whatever fails to respond to the wrench. The screwdrivers—well, the short fat one is perfect for prying the lids off paint cans, and the long slim one is fine for stirring the paint. I'd be lost without this kit.

It would not be necessary for me to know the names of the capsule's whatchamacallits in order to keep them jumping; and I'd get the thing down, some way, if you'd guarantee a very roomy parking space.

Please let me hear from you.

ISABEL STEWART WAY

### GREEN LIGHT AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION

I fly like a moth

Toward your emerald glare,  
But you'll be red.

When I get there.

PHILIP L. HOLLOWAY



LOOK 12-15-64

"He's the type that goes for your type, if that tells you anything."



GARDNER REA  
LOOK 12-15-64



# THE MEN WHO TRIED TO KILL HITLER

**12:32 p.m.**—July 20, 1944—Count Claus Stauffenberg stepped into an anteroom in a building near Adolf Hitler's conference hut at Rastenburg, Germany. He took a two-pound bomb from his briefcase and broke the bomb's glass capsule, which was filled with acid. The acid would dissolve a thin wire in ten minutes, and this would release the firing pin of the bomb.

**12:35 p.m.**—Stauffenberg entered the conference hut to join other officers in briefing Hitler. After a moment, he whispered to Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, "I've got an urgent phone call to make. I will be back in a minute." Keitel nodded. Stauffenberg set the briefcase containing the bomb under the large conference table, just a few feet from the place where Hitler was standing.

**About 12:38 p.m.**—Col. Heinz Brandt moved closer to the large conference table for a better view of the map spread out on it. His feet touched Stauffenberg's briefcase. He leaned down and moved it so that it would not be in his way. A solid, heavy table support was now between the briefcase and Hitler.

**12:41 p.m.**—Stauffenberg paused beside a staff car, lit a cigarette and stared at the hut.

**12:42 p.m.**—With a deafening roar, one end of the conference building disintegrated, and black smoke and flame poured from the interior. Stauffenberg leaped into his car. His driver headed for the small airfield nearby, where a plane waited to take Stauffenberg to Berlin. A fellow conspirator, Gen. Erich Fellgiebel, remained in Rastenburg. He was to telephone the Berlin headquarters of the conspiracy to report that Hitler was dead, and the conspirators could set in motion the carefully prepared assumption of government by the Army.

**12:43 p.m.**—The startled Fellgiebel saw Adolf Hitler stagger out of the shattered conference hut. His hair was on fire, his right arm partially paralyzed, his right leg burned, his ear drums damaged. Behind him lay the real victims of the bomb—four dead or dying, two severely wounded.

**12:44 p.m.**—Stauffenberg reached the first of the checkpoints surrounding the Rastenburg headquarters and demanded that the duty officer let him use the telephone. After talking briefly on the phone, Stauffenberg called out to the duty officer, "Herr Leutnant, I can pass." The astonished guard let him pass.

**1:12 p.m.**—Heinrich Himmler, informed of the explosion, arrived from his headquarters nearby and took immediate charge of the investigation. He telephoned Berlin and ordered a staff of criminal investigation experts to come at once to Rastenburg. After this, all communications between Rastenburg and the world outside were closed

down for over two hours. Fellgiebel could not reach his fellow conspirators to tell them that the death plot had failed.

**About 2 p.m.**—Col. Eberhard Finckh, who was stationed in Paris, received a personal call from Zossen, Germany. An unknown voice repeated a single word twice: "Abgelaufen" ("Launched"). To Finckh, this meant that the *coup d'état* to overthrow Adolf Hitler was under way.

**About 3 p.m.**—The Gestapo plane carrying investigators to Rastenburg crossed paths with the plane taking Stauffenberg west to Berlin.

Just after 3 p.m.—Colonel Finckh reached the headquarters of the General Staff of the Western Command outside Paris. He told Gen. Günther Blumentritt, the chief of staff: "There has been a Gestapo Putsch in Berlin. The Führer is dead. A provisional government has been formed by [Field Marshal Erwin von] Witzleben, [Col. Gen. Ludwig] Beck and [Carl] Goerdeler." After a pause, Blumentritt, who was not in on the conspiracy, replied, "I'm glad those are the men who have taken over. They're sure to try for peace."

**About 3:30 p.m.**—In Berlin, Col. Gen. Friedrich Olbricht, who was to give the signal for "Operation Valkyrie," the Army's emergency plan to take over the German government, received an indistinct and incomplete report from Rastenburg. The attempt on Hitler's life had been made, he learned, but the guarded message did not indicate whether Hitler was alive or dead. He decided to put "Operation Valkyrie" into action.

**About 3:50 p.m.**—Stauffenberg landed at Rangsdorf, an airfield outside Berlin. He was annoyed to learn that Olbricht was only just beginning to send out the orders for "Valkyrie."

**About 4 p.m.**—In Berlin, General Olbricht told Gen. Friedrich Fromm that Hitler was dead. "I propose under the circumstances to issue to all reserve army commanders the code word 'Valkyrie' and so transfer all executive powers to the armed forces," Olbricht said. But Fromm refused to be rushed and insisted upon telephoning Field Marshal Keitel in Rastenburg. Keitel told him, "It's quite true an attempt has been made on [Hitler's] life. Fortunately, it failed." Fromm told Olbricht it would not be necessary to issue the "Valkyrie" orders.

**5 p.m.**—Olbricht went to challenge Fromm for the second time, supported now by Stauffenberg. Olbricht triumphantly told him that Stauffenberg had been an eyewitness of the explosion and knew for certain Hitler was dead. "Impossible," said Fromm. "Keitel assured me it wasn't so."

"Field Marshal Keitel is lying as usual," said Stauffenberg indignantly. "I saw Hitler being carried out dead."

"So, in view of the situation, we've issued the code word for internal unrest to the commanding generals," added Olbricht.

Fromm pounded his fists on the desk and shouted, "This is sheer insubordination. What do you mean by 'we'? Who gave the order?"

"Col. Mertz von Quirnheim."

"Send the Colonel in," Fromm ordered. When

continued

## BARON LUDWIG VON LEONROD

(second from left), a former staff officer, asked **CHAPLAIN HERMANN WEHRLE** (below) if it was a sin to kill a tyrant. The Chaplain told him that it was not, and the Baron then joined in the plot of July 20. When von Leonrod was placed on trial, Chaplain Wehrle was called to court as a witness to corroborate his story. Then Wehrle himself was named a defendant, and both he and the Baron were hanged.



## FIELD MARSHAL VON WITZLEBEN

(right) would have become commander in chief of the German Army if the plot had succeeded. Witzleben, who had retired in 1942, signed the orders that would have dissolved the Nazi party and placed control of all affairs in the hands of the Army after the death of Hitler. To humiliate von Witzleben, the Nazi prosecutor made him wear trousers that were too large for him at his trial, and refused to let him have a belt. He was executed in August, 1944.



## COUNT WERNER VON DER SCHULENBURG

(below), who served as the German Ambassador to Moscow until 1941, opposed Hitler's invasion of Russia and later joined the conspirators who were trying to free Germany. Tortured by the Gestapo, the Count was executed in 1944.

## CARL GOERDELER

(right), the former mayor of Leipzig and briefly price control commissioner in the Hitler government, might have become chancellor of Germany if the Führer had been assassinated and the Nazis forced from power. He was executed in 1945.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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# PLOT AGAINST HITLER *continued*

von Quirnhelm arrived, he admitted he had sent out the code words, and Fromm put him under arrest. Stauffenberg decided he could only influence Fromm by telling the full truth.

"I myself detonated the bomb during the conference at Hitler's headquarters. No one who was in the room could possibly have survived."

Fromm said, "Count Stauffenberg, the assassination has failed. You must shoot yourself."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"I formally put all three of you under arrest,"

Fromm then said to Olbricht, Stauffenberg and von Quirnhelm.

"You can't arrest us," Olbricht shouted at Fromm. "You don't realize who's in power. It's we who are arresting you."

Fromm sprang from his chair and rushed round his desk, raising his fists. Stauffenberg's adjutant, Werner von Haeflén, and Lt. Ewald von Kleist pressed their revolvers against his belly.

"You've five minutes to decide, sir," said Olbricht, and Fromm gave in. He was confined under guard in his adjutant's room.

About 5:30 p.m.—Hitler put through a call to Joseph Goebbels, his propaganda minister, and told him to prepare an emergency broadcast at once to notify the world that he had survived the assassination attempt.

6 p.m.—Stauffenberg issued orders to military commanders to arrest local Nazi leaders and to occupy broadcasting stations and other communication centers. When these orders reached Rastenburg, Hitler realized for the first time that a *Putsch* was under way, rather than an assassination attempt by Stauffenberg alone.

6:30 p.m.—In Paris, Col. Gen. Karl Heinrich von Stülpnagel received a telephone call from General Beck. "Are you with us, come what may?" Beck asked. "Yes, most certainly," Stülpnagel replied. "It won't be long now before all the SS leaders are locked up. The troops here as well as their commanders are absolutely reliable."

About 6:30 p.m.—An aide told Goebbels that a lieutenant and three men had come to arrest him on the orders of the Commandant of Berlin, Gen. Paul von Hase. Goebbels armed himself with a revolver. When the lieutenant arrived, Goebbels yelled to him that he was an agent of traitors and told him Hitler still lived. He ordered the lieutenant to get out of the room and to tell the truth to his fellow officers. The lieutenant withdrew.

6:45 p.m.—"Today, an attempt was made on the Führer's life with explosives," the official radio announced. "The Führer himself suffered no injuries beyond light burns and bruises. He resumed his work immediately. . . ."

About 6:46 p.m.—General Beck telephoned Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, commander in chief of the German forces in France, and asked him, "Join in our action openly." As Beck tried to convince von Kluge, an aide slipped into the Field Marshal's office and put a transcription of the 6:45 broadcast on his desk. Kluge saw the words: "The Führer himself suffered no injuries beyond light burns and bruises."

Without mentioning the broadcast to Beck, von Kluge asked, "What is the real position at the Führer's headquarters?" Beck, a man who found it impossible to lie, admitted there was some uncertainty. But he again urged von Kluge to join in the conspiracy. Kluge said he would discuss the matter with his officers and call back.

7 p.m.—Maj. Otto Ernst Remer, an enthusiastic Nazi, arrived at Goebbels's house. Goebbels told him that a clique of ambitious generals had betrayed Hitler, but that Hitler had survived their assassination plot. Then Goebbels telephoned Hitler, who put Remer under his direct command.



COUNT STAUFFENBERG

developed the "Valkyrie" plan under which the Army would take control of Germany. Badly injured in Tunisia in 1943, he was chief of staff to the Commander of the Reserve Army in July, 1944.

Until Heinrich Himmler reached Berlin, Hitler said, the safety of Berlin—and the Reich itself—was in the hands of the young officer. Hitler promoted him to colonel, effective immediately.

About 7:30 p.m.—Field Marshal Erwin von Witzleben, who had been chosen by the conspirators to take over as Commander of the Combined Forces, arrived at the Berlin Army headquarters, where he was greeted by Beck and Stauffenberg. "A fine mess, this," he said.

8:30 p.m.—Young Colonel Remer assembled the Battalion of Guards, a body of loyal Nazi soldiers, in the garden behind Goebbels's house. Goebbels told them that only they could save Berlin from the traitors who were trying to overthrow Hitler.

About 8:30 p.m.—In France, four advocates of a *coup d'état* met with Field Marshal von Kluge. "What is happening in Berlin is not decisive," one of them told him. "I beg you to cut loose from Hitler and to lead the liberation in the west yourself. Make an end of the bloody slaughter on the Western Front." Kluge listened, then told the conspirators, "It's misfired." He refused flatly to join in the *Putsch*, but invited the four advocates to join him for dinner. General von Stülpnagel asked to see the Field Marshal privately, took him next door and told him that SS and Gestapo men in Paris were being arrested right now on his orders.

Kluge, irate, ordered their (inconspicuous) release. The dinner was continued.

About 8:30 p.m.—Field Marshal von Witzleben, certain that the *Putsch* had failed, disgustedly left the headquarters building.

9 p.m.—The official radio announced that Hitler would speak to the German people later that night.

About 10:30 p.m.—General Olbricht assembled all those in Berlin whom he believed to be loyal to the conspiracy, and told them to prepare to defend the Army headquarters building. Lt. Col. Franz Herber, a Nazi on Olbricht's staff, became suspicious. He asked him why the building should be guarded.

10:45 p.m.—Hours too late, an officer asked Olbricht for authority to capture the central broadcasting station in Berlin. Olbricht gave him the order, properly signed.

10:50 p.m.—Colonel Herber and some other Nazi officers, now heavily armed, broke into Olbricht's office. One of them pointed a Tommy gun at Ol-

bricht and said, "My comrades and I remain loyal to our oath." Some pistol shots were exchanged in the corridor; Stauffenberg, hit in the shoulder, was bleeding profusely. They began rounding up the conspirators, including Beck, Olbricht, von Quirnhelm and Stauffenberg. Then they released General Fromm, who again took command.

About 11 p.m.—General Beck pointed his gun at his temple and fired. The bullet grazed his forehead. He collapsed into a chair.

Shortly after 11 p.m.—General Fromm, now surrounded by members of Colonel Remer's Guards Battalion, announced that he had just held a summary court-martial. Four of the officers under arrest—Olbricht, Stauffenberg, von Quirnhelm, von Haeflén—had been sentenced to death "in the name of the Führer." They were led downstairs.

Shortly after 11 p.m.—An Army truck was drawn up in the courtyard, with its hooded lights illuminating the scene. The ten-man firing squad prepared to carry out the sentences.

Shortly after 11 p.m.—General Beck asked Fromm for another weapon. "If it doesn't work this time, then please help me," he said. He fired, but again was unsuccessful. "Help the old gentleman," said Fromm. A sergeant shot the General in the neck.

11:19 p.m.—Just before the first volley of shots was fired, Stauffenberg cried out, "Long live our sacred Germany." An instant later, he was dead.

Midnight—In Paris, General von Stülpnagel held 1,200 key men of the Gestapo and SS under arrest—all rounded up without a shot being fired.

1 a.m., July 21, 1944—Adolf Hitler's harsh voice was heard throughout Germany. "A very small clique of ambitious, dishonorable and criminally stupid officers had formed a plot to remove me and at the same time to overturn the High Command. . . ." he said. "The circle of the conspirators is a very small one. It has nothing in common. . . with the German people. . . . We are going to settle accounts with them in the way we National Socialists are used to doing."

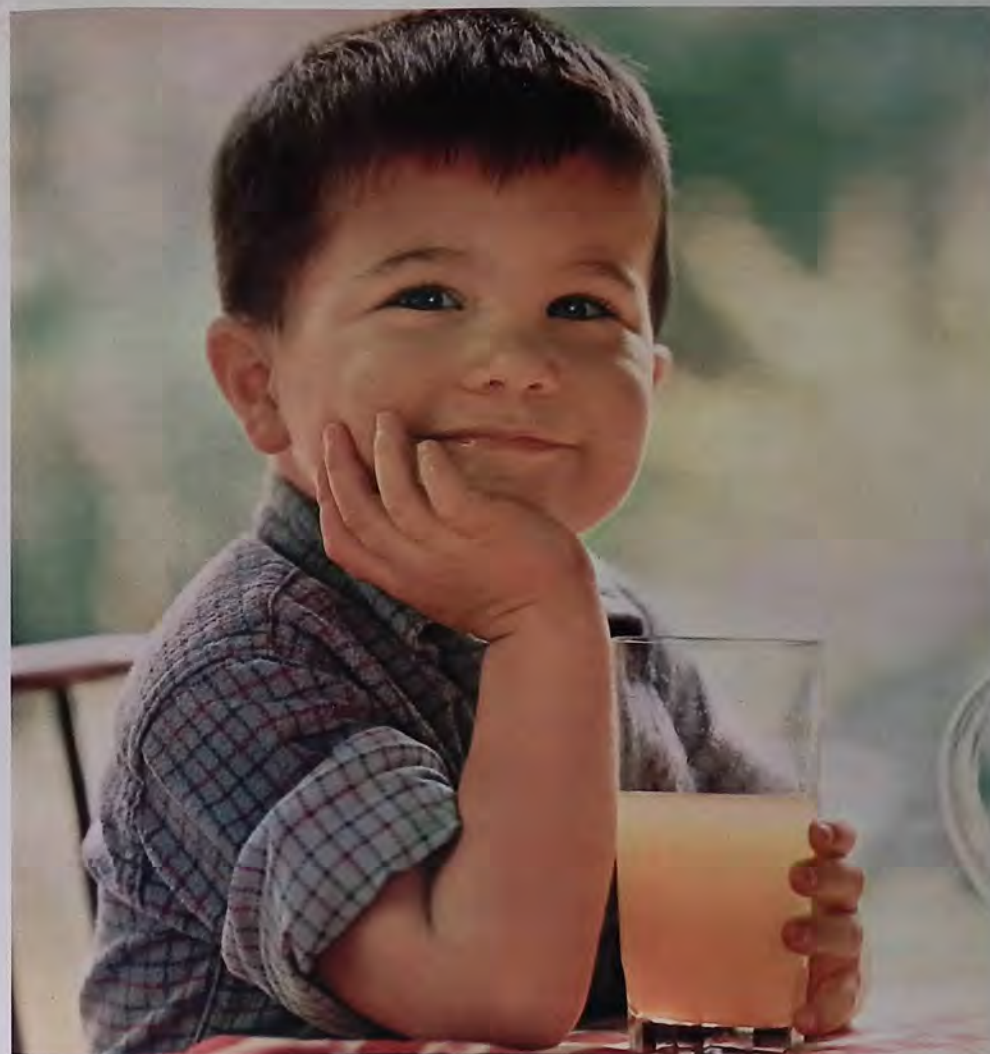
It was not a "very small clique." It was a conspiracy, deeply rooted, widely spread and carefully planned. The tragedy of its failure can be traced to the accidental moving of the briefcase containing the bomb and additionally to the men who carried out the plot—patriots and gentlemen rather than intriguers and assassins. In Paris (as well as in Vienna), the plot had practically succeeded and, if not for Hitler's astonishing survival, would have succeeded altogether and shortened the war by nine months.

Within the next days and weeks, Hitler wreaked terrible vengeance. Thousands were arrested, hundreds were executed after being tortured and subjected to disgusting show trials.

In those early hours of July 21, at just about the time Hitler's voice came on the air rasping out his scorn for that "very small clique," Maj. Gen. Henning von Tresckow, one of the key men of the conspiracy, sat at his command post on the Eastern Front as his adjutant and friend Fabian von Schlabrendorff vainly tried to dissuade him from taking his life. Tresckow wouldn't risk giving names away under torture.

"In a few hours," he told his friend, "I shall stand before God answering for my actions and my omissions. . . . God once promised Abraham to spare Sodom should there be found ten just men in the city. He will, I hope, spare Germany because of what we have done, and not destroy her." At dawn, trying to make-believe he was killed in action, Tresckow set out alone into no-man's-land. He killed himself with a hand grenade.

ROGER MANVELL and HEINRICH FRAENKEL. Adapted from the authors' book, *The Men Who Tried to Kill Hitler*, soon to be published by Coward-McCann, Inc.



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## THE SURVIVORS

*Two decades later, survivors of the plot against Hitler and widows and children of the chief plotters tell:*

### Why the plot failed

### How Churchill could have helped the plotters, but did not

### Whether officers in the new German army would rise against a future Hitler



**COUNTESS NINA STAUFFENBERG**, whose husband led the plot against Hitler, still lives in the century-old villa in Bamberg, Germany, where she last said good-bye to Count Stauffenberg a few days before July 20, 1944.

The presence of Count Stauffenberg can still be felt strongly in the luxurious home that the Countess has kept virtually unchanged, even to the leather-bound volumes of her husband's favorite poet, Stefan George, on the bookshelves.

Asked if she felt the price paid by her husband for the July plot was worthwhile, she said, "When I married, my mother explained to me what it meant to be the wife of an officer. She said, 'The decisions of your husband are for you service orders.' I was the wife of a German officer. There was no question of doubting the decisions of my husband."

When Count Stauffenberg placed the bomb under the conference table at Rastenburg, his son **BERTHOLD STAUFFENBERG** (below, with his wife and children) was only 10 years old. Today, he is 30, a first lieutenant and company commander, serving on the Czech border.



"Do you believe that under similar circumstances you would act as your father did?" he was asked by an interviewer.

"The circumstances in Germany today are not similar," the young Count replied. "And I try to impede the development of similar circumstances—insofar as I can. . . ."

"How do the young soldiers react to the 20th of July?" the reporter asked.

"Positively. They have a good consciousness of personal responsibility and military honor. They clearly recognize that German officers who knew about the crimes of Hitler were powerless to act differently from the way they did."

If German schools perform their work well,

he says, "then you would not need to ask any one if he would act like a Colonel Stauffenberg. Then the situation that forced my father to act would be excluded for all time. . . ."



**LUDWIG VON HAMMERSTEIN**, a supporter of the plot and the son of a former commander in chief of the German Army who opposed Hitler, says: "I had absolutely no scruples about the loyalty oath to Hitler because he was a criminal who had broken his oath to the nation many times. . . ."

"My coplotter was deeply concerned and frustrated by the lack of action displayed by our senior officers, many of whom justified their hesitation to act by their so-called 'oath' to Hitler. For example, on the day of the coup itself, the District Commander of Berlin, Gen. Joachim von Kortzfleisch, who could have played a most important part in assuring the success of the coup, instead refused point-blank to cooperate with us on the ground of his loyalty oath to Hitler."

"Later, von Kortzfleisch told me that, as a soldier, he did not believe in taking part in a coup d'état. 'If Hitler had died,' von Kortzfleisch added, 'that would have been different—just a matter of change of command.' This attitude was unfortunately typical of the German Army and greatly contributed to our failure to overthrow Hitler."

Hammerstein was able to escape during the night of July 20 because he knew the enormous Army headquarters building so well. He had spent considerable time there during his boyhood while his father was commander in chief.

continued

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## THE SURVIVORS



**ANNEDORE LEBER** is the widow of Julius Leber, a Social Democratic leader and underground worker against Hitler who was executed in 1945. He would have been Minister of the Interior if the plot had succeeded. After the defeat of Germany, Frau Leber, who played an active part in the resistance, served as a member of the selection board that picked the officers—including the generals—for the post-World War II German Army.

Today, Frau Leber, an author and publisher, also runs the coal company her husband bought in

1939 as a "cover" for his anti-Nazi activities. "Here, our mail could come in and go out without arousing suspicion as long as the bearer also carried a bag of coal," she recalls.

Asked how she felt now about the July 20th plot, she replied: "Up until a year ago, I would say I would do it all over again exactly the same. Until last year..."

A year ago, her son, born during the period of the savage reprisals against the German anti-Nazis—including Julius Leber—committed suicide.



**EWALD HEINRICH VON KLEIST**, the youngest of the officers who supported Olbricht in the Army headquarters on July 20, came from a strongly anti-Nazi background. His father had been twice arrested during the early Nazi period for his outspoken criticism of Hitler's atrocities.

Some six months before the July plot, von Kleist himself volunteered for a "suicide attempt" against Hitler. He was to demonstrate to the Führer a new-model Army greatcoat. In the pockets, he placed bombs that he planned to detonate as he leaped on Hitler. The demonstration was canceled at the last moment because of an air raid.

Kleist says: "The attempt on Hitler's life was justified because it represented the most effective way of destroying the Nazi system at the time.

Had it succeeded, thousands, perhaps millions, of lives would have been spared. Because we knew the Nazis were criminals, it was not treason, but our patriotic duty to overthrow them.

"The principle of self-sacrifice is still valid and would have application today in Germany or anywhere else if the conditions of criminality and brutality that existed under the Nazis were to exist today," he believes.

Both von Kleist and his father were arrested for their anti-Nazi activities. At his trial in February, 1945, the senior von Kleist said that he regarded opposition as the will of God and that God alone should be his judge. He was later executed.



**DR. FRIEDRICH GEORGI**, son-in-law of General Olbricht and a major in the *Luftwaffe* in 1944, says: "The July plot and earlier attempts to over-

throw the Nazis were fully justified. The citizen in any society has the obligation to resist against injustice, however small. In Germany, we did not make that resistance early enough. Because we Germans failed to show enough civil courage, the Nazis were able to become more and more brutal.

"The oath to Hitler was without meaning. My father-in-law said, and deeply believed, that his duty was to the nation and certainly not to a 'Führer' who had become the despoiler of the fatherland. Even an hour before he was put against the wall and shot for his part in the plot, my father-in-law was calm and convinced of his belief when he took a revolver from his desk drawer [thinking of possible suicide] and said to me, 'Be a good boy and load the damned thing. Have lost the knack... Haven't touched the damned thing for years!'

"Even in time of war, the duty of the citizen and the soldier is to resist injustice and to take the action necessary to succeed. Our efforts were certainly worthwhile, but if I had to do it again, I would organize a small, handpicked commando group of parachutists, fully trained and willing to carry out the *coup*, regardless of the losses involved.

"However, even when the odds are against you, as they were in July, 1944, you must go through with it to save your own honor and the honor of your country."

Georgi managed to get clear of the Army headquarters on July 20 and go to his office, where he spent the night destroying compromising documents. He was arrested a few days later, but eventually released because of his technical knowledge of the V weapons.



**DR. EUGEN GERSTENMAIER**, now president of the West German *Bundestag*, was one of the few civilians at the Army headquarters in Berlin on the night of July 20. He was sentenced to seven years in prison for his part in the plot.

He says many generals would have supported the uprising against Hitler if the Allies had agreed to negotiate with a non-Nazi German government. "We asked Churchill in a memorandum to give up his demand for unconditional surrender," he says. "We waited impatiently for his reply. But he had put the memo aside with other papers and took no action. Someone had written on the corner 'Very Encouraging,' but we were left hanging in the air."

In 1950, Gerstenmaier discussed the failure of the plot with Churchill. "I had to tell Churchill: Exactly six years ago to the day, many of my comrades were executed for their part in the plot against Hitler. And probably they would not have had to die if you had acted differently..."

Churchill listened in silence, which seemed to indicate that he did not disagree with Gerstenmaier. Then he expressed his sympathy for those who were killed in the aftermath of the plot.

Even though the plot failed, Gerstenmaier does not regret the attempt. "We owed it to ourselves and to the world to dare it, to take the risk," he says.

JON NAAR and ROLF PALM

1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks



'65 Pontiac Tempest. Would you believe it? You could have one of these for what you pay for a low-priced car.

Who could look at this Le Mans hardtop and keep on buying the same low-priced car time after time? Not people who know a big money's-worth when they see it. Tempest is, after all, a Pontiac, right down to its Wide-Track wheels. Power: 140-hp Six or you can specify a tigerish V-8. Grrrrrrrr.



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BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE:

# THE CREE WITH A KINK IN HER VOICE

*"My music comes from the soles of my feet," says Buffy, 21, who has written almost 200 songs and performed professionally for two years.*



HER HAIR IS waist-length sable, and her voice radiates in waves of black: hot or husky, always trembling with a primitive vibrato. Cree Indian Buffy Sainte-Marie strokes sound to a sheen for the coffee-house fans, who say that this girl with the tom-tom tones and original lyrics is "the greatest" and "the only" female folk musician around, and she's been around.

*continued*





“It's the Christmas thing to do”



# 7-Up Your Party

Give everyone a hand... with a welcoming bottle of 7-Up in it! Seven-Up has sparkle and friendliness... and a taste that brings out the holiday smiles. That red and green bottle even looks Christmasy. Why run out of hospitality? Get 7-Up by the caseful!



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BUFFY continued

"Your songs," wrote a poetic fan, "tug at little naked beings..."

In her 21-year sojourn on this white man's earth, Buffy Sainte-Marie has been hooked on codeine, journeyed to Mexico, written volumes of verse, fallen desperately in and out of love several times, joined a peyote-chewing religious cult, completed an upper-crust education and observed, in an off moment of platitude, "It's the art that's important, not the artist." Her manager, New Yorker Herb Gart, a 27-year-old pianist turned talent agent, predicts that next year Buffy will make at least \$100,000. This year, she has hit the \$20,000 mark in performances across the U. S. and Canada, guest spots on television and radio and two Vanguard record albums, the second one to be released in January.

She earns her percentage, this sexy-ethereal creature, who's five-foot-two, has an eerie beauty, calluses on her guitar-playing fingers and a vagabond's wealth of material for the nearly 200 songs she has written, some from her own experiences. A critic hears echoes of the late Edith Piaf in her voice; her fans say she's incomparable.

While others in the folk field wail, barefoot and scruffy, about politics and death, Buffy, in black-lace dress and high heels, sings the earthy and the fantastical. For instance, the *Incest Song*, story of a 16th-century prince who impregnates his sister, then murders her to take another for his bride. And when Buffy trembles in *Cod'ine*: "You'll forget you're a woman/ You'll forget about men/ You'll forget about life/ You'll forget about time/ And you'll live off your days/ As a slave of cod'ine," it's because she's been there. The pain of a six-month throat ailment coupled with bronchitis was the cause of her addiction, she says, and she got herself off the stuff as soon as she found out what had hit her.

Beverly Sainte-Marie—Buffy, a childhood nickname, recalls buffaloes and her Indian origin—was born in Sebago Lake, Maine, of Cree Indian parents. Then, for reasons obscure even to her, she was adopted by a Micmac Indian family and raised in Maine and Massachusetts, where her foster father was a skilled mechanic and his wife a sometime waitress. The Crees of Saskatchewan, Canada, only recently took her back into the tribe. She has joined the Native American Church, whose members chew peyote as part of their religious ritual, and she has dreamed Indian songs under the influence of the cactus button.

Buffy has a degree in Oriental philosophy from the University of Massachusetts and took courses at Mount Holyoke, Smith and Amherst. She had planned to teach school when chance brought her to a "guest night" hootenanny at a Greenwich Village coffeehouse, the Gaslight Cafe, where Herb Gart heard her, and the rest is narrative.

She met Patrick Sky, a Creek Indian folk singer from Georgia, while they were both performing in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Pat says he "flipped out" when he heard her sing, and they have both had a great influence on each other's professional career. Buffy introduced Pat to Herb Gart, now also his manager, and Pat's influence on Buffy shows in an occasional hillbilly twang or Southernism—though her artistry is as changeable as a prairie breeze. One knowledgeable critic puts Buffy about "a year away from fame." Will she make it? And if so, how? Her songs almost never have "messages," and she's not protesting.

Two things grab you about Buffy: A quality voice in a musical field that doesn't really require quality. And her lyrics. "The words," sighed a stubby-bearded youth, "hang you up." And one admirer wrote: "Your songs tug at little naked beings crouched within me, so I dress them up, tie a few tassels on them and, zoom, I'm superman!"

continued



Offstage, she dances, longs for flamenco lessons.



BUFFY continued



Music never ends. Onetime classmate Taj Mahal, left, and other friends blend talents at a party after Buffy's Club 47 appearance in Cambridge, Mass.



Mouth bow replaces guitar on some songs. Friend Pat Sky made the primitive instrument. Buffy plays it by moving her lips, bending the bow and strumming.

Buffy loves "anything Spanish": the music, language and current beau Indius Alvarez, a painter who lives in Greenwich Village, where she often performs.



## Relaxing means music, in the Village or New England

PRODUCED  
BY BARBARA HOGAN

PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY PHILLIP HARRINGTON

END

Advertisement



## THE BIRTH OF EXCELLENCE

If you were this Bulova watch, these would be your parts—all 196 of them. You'd be proud of the jewels (those 30 tiny red circles, shown at the lower right) and prouder still of the neat way everything fits together—to tolerances of one ten-thousandth of an inch. You'd tell time, beautifully. And endure heat, cold and inquisitive children. Also, ocean dunking, wild gallops and body oils more corrosive than metal-eating acids. If you were a Bulova watch, you'd survive—accurate, reliable, good-looking you. You were born with an excellent character.

If you were this Bulova watch, this would be your story. . . .



# Bulova watches, like people, are more than the sum of their parts



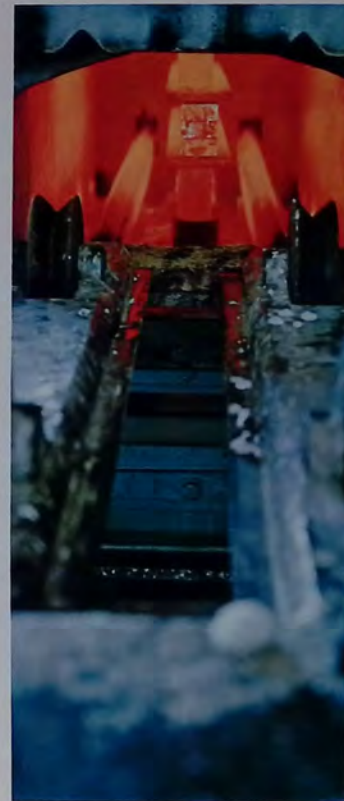
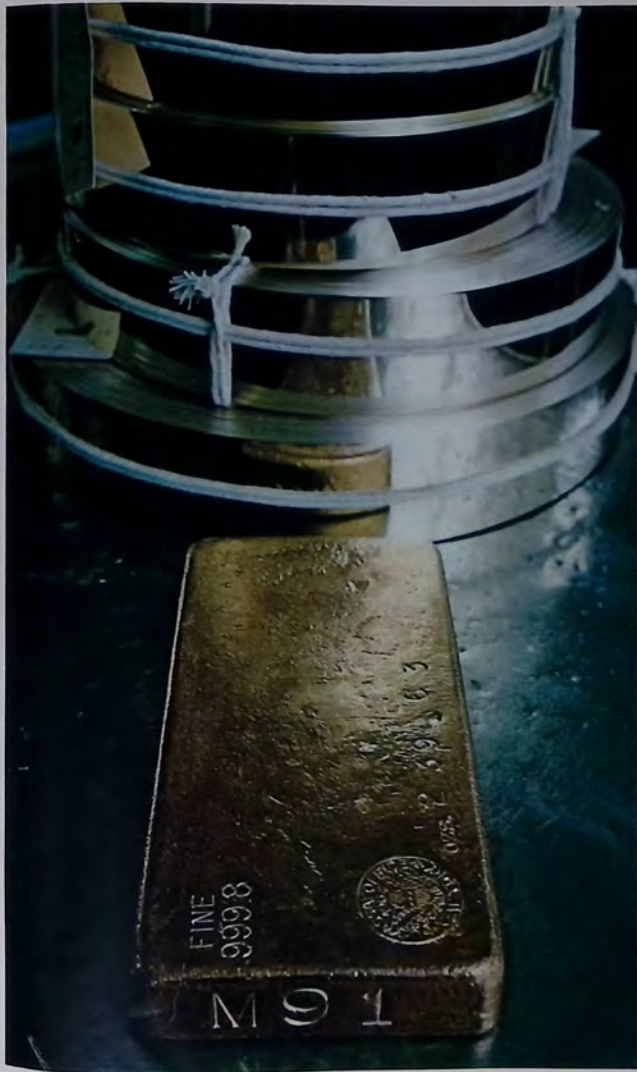
The birth of excellence begins with a gleam in the eye: The craftsman's passion for taking infinite pains on an infinitesimal scale is basic to the making of fine watches.

There is an expensive way to make reasonably priced watches. This is the Bulova way, beginning when raw materials arrive at the Bulova Watch Company plants in Jackson Heights, N. Y., and Providence, R. I. Included are high quality synthetic jewels, eleven different alloys and nine kinds of steel—plus Buloloy, the remarkable Bulova alloy that is milled into unbreakable mainsprings. Right away, the jewels are examined under a 36-power microscope—to make sure they're up to grade. Other watchmakers may use second-class jewels, but Bulova wouldn't think of it. Inferior jewels simply won't do. "We've been committed to excellence for so long," a Bulova inspector remarked not long ago, "it's become an obsession." Thus, every shipment of metal is tested. Bulova has metallurgists who can *smell* a flaw in an alloy, but they are asked to run chemical tests just to make sure. Nothing gets through the door, Bulova says, unless it comes exactly as specified. Then, inside, more than 800 additional inspections are made during the enormously sophisticated nine-month process that produces a Bulova watch. Every operator of every machine in both Bulova plants is paid extra to spend an average of 25 percent of his time inspecting his own work! Bulova knows that rigid quality control, above all, is the consumer's best assurance of excellence in any Bulova watch he happens to buy. That's why Bulova maintains a complete factory system for quality watchmaking: While other watchmakers must depend on outside sources for springs or dials or gears, Bulova manufactures and assembles a whole, complete watch. As the Bulova Jackson Heights plant manager, Gus Bozzo, says, "Somewhere along the line, if you had to buy parts outside, you'd have to compromise on quality. We demand quality, so we do everything ourselves. We know that every part is going to fit every other part and do the job it must do. It's not the cheap way to make watches. But we are convinced it's the best."



An insistence on excellence permeates every phase of the Bulova watchmaking process. Here a determined craftsman sharpens a diamond cutting tool used in the manufacture of precision parts for a Bulova 30-jewel movement.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT FRÉSON



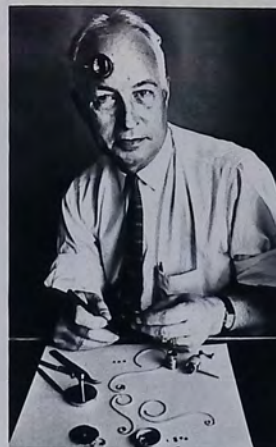
Gold fused to base metals in Bulova furnaces lends extraordinary strength to Bulova watch cases. The final gold plate must withstand corrosive acid tests equivalent to years of life and wear on a human wrist.

Fresh from a Federal vault, this solid-gold brick will soon be melted, drawn, formed and cold-worked to "clad" a Bulova watch case. Careful handling enables Bulova craftsmen to use more gold, yet maintain reasonable price.

continued



# The life of a Bulova watch is in their hands



Merle Lower, 31-year Bulova veteran, has experience that pays off in unvarying perfection of unbreakable Buloloy mainspring.

Bulova has moved close to perfection in the art of watchmaking. It has invested \$50 million in machinery, much of it custom-designed by Bulova engineers. The ideal of U.S. industry—perfect interchangeability of machined parts—has been achieved. But, in the last analysis, machines don't make watches: People do. The vital difference, Bulova believes, is people. Take the Bulova mainspring. It is made of Buloloy, the alloy which is processed by a unique manufacturing technique invented by Bulova scientists. Tests show it will not wear out, won't rust, won't break. Yet tests are not enough. Bulova wants Merle Lower's opinion. Lower, age 57, is manager of the Bulova spring department. Since 1933, Lower has dedicated his life to Bulova excellence. If he says a spring is good, Bulova believes it's good. "You tell me how long you're going to live," Lower said recently, "I'll personally guarantee our mainspring for the rest of your life." Such Bulova



Wearing loupe, Effie Karavelis performs delicate assembly operation. She is one of 800 Bulova women chosen for skill—and patience.

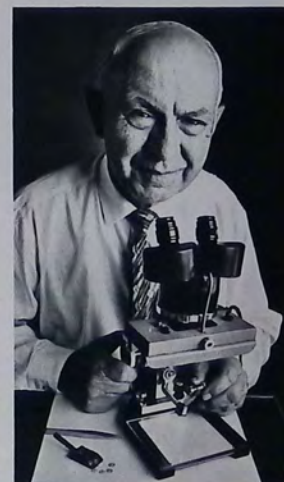


Ed Charltonis starts two-year apprenticeship under expert tool-and-die maker, Frank Heil. The stress is on responsibility.

people are not interchangeable. Of 1,500 workers at the Jackson Heights plant, more than 400 have been with Bulova over ten years. Automation can't replace them. After the last measurement is taken, they tell Bulova whether a microscopic part is right. And all they do is look at it. "After so many centuries of watchmaking," plant manager Bozzo says, "we still depend on people with experience not found in books or drawings."



Dorothy Thompson examines tolerances of a watch part magnified and projected on shadowgraph screen. This is precision-testing.



Paul Calame's 34 years of Bulova service help him control quality. "A good watch," he says, "always costs less to make than a bad one."

Careful fingers insert the tiny gear destined to move the second-hand of a Bulova watch. This center pinion is manufactured to tolerance of two ten-thousandths of an inch. Such precision is the essence of accurate timekeeping.

continued



# Bulova excellence is bred in long before the ticking begins



Every Bulova, like this 30-jewel, self-winding model, grows through stages from a simple metal foundation plate to an elegant timepiece.



At a critical moment, the Bulova movement receives its heart—the balance assembly, including the hairspring. Then the watch begins to tick.

Not far from the end of the assembly line, a tweezers held by steady fingers inserts a tiny rod into a jeweled bearing . . . and a Bulova watch starts ticking. "It's like the cry of a new born baby," says Eric Sieke, the otherwise hard-nosed overseer of Bulova standards. Meanwhile, Bulova case-makers have readied their wares. Their chief, Dave Anderson, says, "The difference in watch cases is in the materials. You won't recognize it at first, but wait a while. Let nature go to work. Then, quality tells." Bulova cases are different. Bulova de-



Hairsprings produced by process using a special rust-proof, temperature-compensating alloy are inspected by quality-minded Carmella Montello.

signs them—392 styles in gold and stainless steel—builds the tools to make them and endlessly tests their durability. Finally, out of pride, Bulova takes the trouble to give its cases an extra finish, called metal lapping. "Only the professional eye can tell the difference," Anderson says, "but it adds to the beauty of the watch, so we do it." At last, the ticking movement and its case meet. They fit together perfectly. Here, then, is a watch born of more than 3,500 separate manufacturing operations. Fifteen hundred craftsmen spent a total of five full working days just checking it. Thirty different teams of experts worked on it. The face has been washed in a cyclonic vapor bath to give it brightness and clarity. Its moving parts have been lubricated with an oil that costs \$7,000 a gallon. Even the crystal has an extra value. Bulova has given it one last run through an intricate diamond milling process to eliminate side reflection. This is the way the Bulova watch acquires one of its most engaging characteristics: It's easy to read. And although it has been precision tested five times . . . there goes pert Jackie Campbell, a final inspector at Bulova for 26 years—she's checking it again!

Working with microscopic finesse, a skilled operator places jewels into the Bulova movement. Each is nearly twice as hard as the hardest steel. Setting jewels at points of greatest wear helps assure years of accurate timekeeping.





# ...IT'S A BULOVA WATCH



Every step in the Bulova process makes a critical difference in performance—on your wrist, where performance counts. For greater accuracy, Bulova gears are custom-tooled, hands are perfectly synchronized, and measurements achieved to "the tolerance of a gnat's whisker." For longer life, every key point of friction is jewel-protected and every inside surface is plated with corrosion-resistant nickel. For lasting beauty, dials are tarnish-proof, numerals are hand-polished and diamond styles are highlighted by rhodium, an alloy more expensive than gold. In accuracy, durability and beauty, Bulova models

priced from \$25 to \$2,500 surpass every industry and U.S. Government standard. Moreover, to protect the promise of excellence, Bulova watches are sold only through jewelers, America's watch experts. *This eight-page supplement, "The Birth of Excellence," is easily detachable. Take it along next time you visit your jeweler. Ask him about Bulova quality. "We've prepared this supplement so that people will know more about the difference in watches," Harry B. Henshel, president of the Bulova Watch Company, says, "Excellence is our means to an end—and the end is excellence."*



Lighted Christmas trees line the snowy streets.

# CHRISTMAS

DURING the holidays, Nantucket Island, 30 miles off the Cape Cod coast, looks like a Christmas card that has drifted off to sea. This appealing illusion has recently been discovered by many summer visitors, who ordinarily wouldn't think of being caught on the island after the last boat leaves on Labor Day. Similar discoveries are being made by a growing number of American families, who find in the nation's historical restorations a wonderful way to enjoy an old-fashioned Christmas. Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia, for example, entertained 3,100 guests last Christ-

mas, expects even a greater influx this coming holiday season.

A uniquely preserved, but very much alive, town, Nantucket comes by its charm and character naturally. Old customs, like the cranberry wreath on the door of the Walter Beinecke, Jr., home (below), are lovingly perpetuated in the great neoclassic houses, built during the golden days of the island's whaling prosperity. From two of these houses—a stately private home and a recently restored mansion-turned-inn—LOOK presents some festive decorations and food in the finest Christmas tradition.

# ON NANTUCKET

Classic trim decks houses, like Mrs. Beinecke's.



continued



*This quiet island is a haven of hospitality and old-fashioned Christmas customs*

Many holiday visitors to the island this year will stay in the imposing, three-story brick mansion below. Built in 1845 by Jared Coffin, it reflects the elegant taste of a typically successful whaling merchant. Now, the house has been restored as a year-round inn by the Nantucket Historical Trust. With characteristic respect for heritage, architect-descendant H. Errol Coffin was selected to work with James Hendrix of William Pahlmann Associates, to preserve the classic beauty of the Greek Revival exterior and recapture the handsome hospitality of the spacious interiors. The traditional tree and green garlands perfectly complement the English and American antiques that furnish Nantucket's great homes. Such harmony recalls the world of early shipowners and captains, who gave the island its special flavor. Seabound for many months on long, hazardous voyages, they appreciated the amenities of life and the memorable, long-awaited pleasures of holiday celebrations at home in Nantucket.

*Decorations like these in the Jared Coffin House living room (left)—rich in color, yet restrained—may once have delighted the Nantucket ladies in the painting over the black-marble fireplace.*

*Community choristers in an annual carol sing pause on the steps of the Jared Coffin House.*



PRODUCED BY JOHN PETER AND MARILYN KAYTOR PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED MAROON

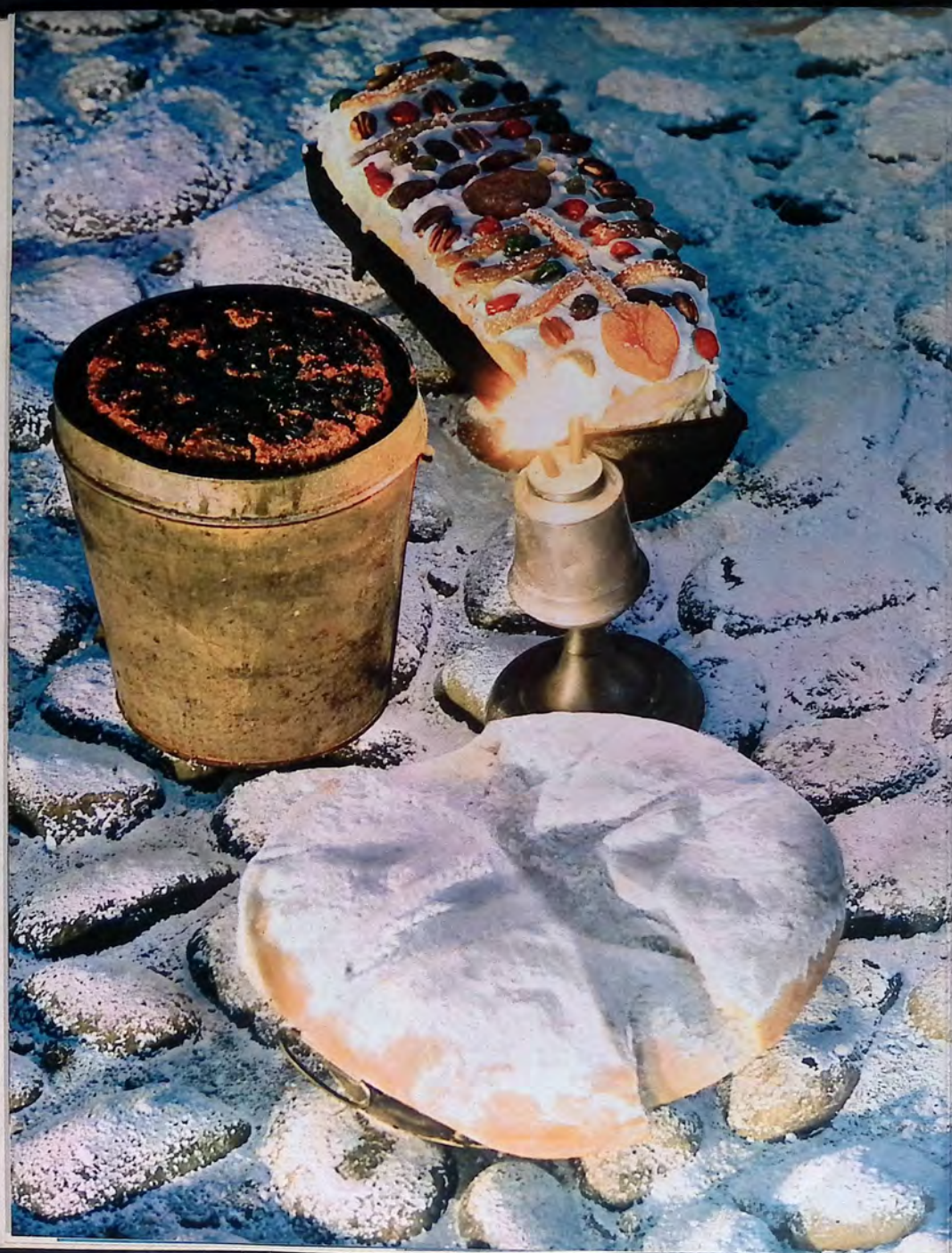


*The town jail, where Nantucket's constabulary used to enforce New England justice in the stocks, now glows with Christmas spirit.*

*A welcoming wreath greets guests. The Coffin family crest hangs from post topped with hand-carved pineapple, hospitality symbol.*

continued



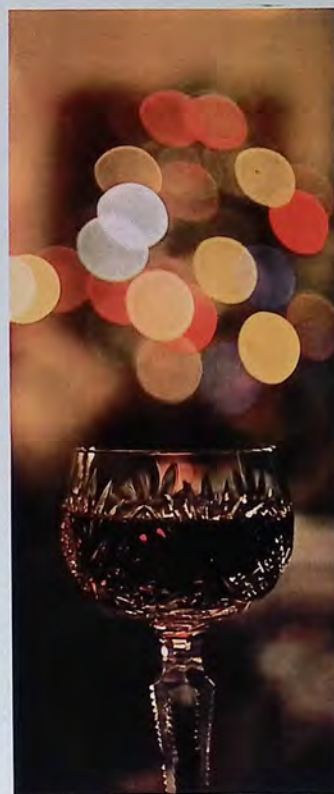


## Island-inn foods reflect simple, stalwart origins

The Jared Coffin House kitchen offers some of the best of Yankee cooking, spiced with a touch of pure insular know-how. This year's triumph will be the Christmas feast for holidaying off-islanders. The dinner will be highlighted by hot buttered rum, cider, cranberry juice, wild goose and turkey, sweet potatoes, hot home-baked breads, cakes and puddings—uncomplicated, hearty foods that have been island holiday fare since whaling days. Opposite, on Nantucket's Main Street: three typical "bakes"—island bread, steamed pudding, fruit-studded sweet cake—lit by a flickering whale-oil lamp. Recipes for two of these favorites follow:

**CHRISTMAS PUDDING:** Sift together into large bowl  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup all-purpose flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tps. allspice,  $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. each nutmeg, cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. each ginger, salt. Stir in 2 cups raisins,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups currants,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped prunes, 1 cup each chopped, candied orange, lemon peel, 2 tps. grated lemon rind. Add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups dark-brown sugar, 3 cups dry bread crumbs, 6 ozs. finely ground suet. Add 4 eggs beaten with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cider,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dark rum. Stir well. Turn into greased  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart mold. Cover with greased foil; tie. Steam 5 hours. Let cool; unmold. Store sealed; saturate 2-3 times with brandy, letting age 1-12 months. To serve: Steam 1 hour; top with cranberry honey or hot rum or brandy sauce. Serves 12.

**NANTUCKET FISHERMAN BREAD:** Add to bowl 2 pkgs. dry yeast, 1 tps. each sugar, salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup luke-warm water. Mix; stand 5 mins. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups more water, 1 tps. melted margarine, 5 cups sifted, all-purpose flour; mix. Knead well; put in bowl; grease top. Cover; let rise until doubled. Punch down; rest 10 mins.; knead again. Put into 2 greased pans, about 8x4x2 inches; grease tops; cut cross on top of each. Cover; let rise. Brush tops with flour. Put pan water in oven; bake 10 mins. at  $475^{\circ}\text{F}$ ., then 20 mins. at  $375^{\circ}\text{F}$ ., or until done.



Native cranberry juice is braced with ruby port wine.



Across the dining table, the Beinecke living room glimmers with Christmas.



Mrs. Beinecke adds seasonal centerpiece.

continued

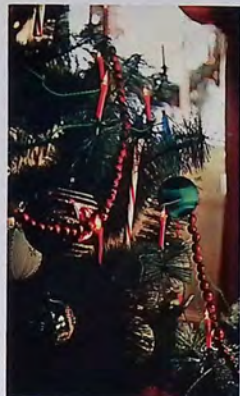




Renaissance-angel wall plaque glistens in Nantucket-bayberry candlelight.



## Heirloom decorations, traditional trims link Christmases past and present



A tree with memories: candy canes, cranberry strings, antique ornaments.



Wax angels (left) in velvet robes float against the hallway's thistle-patterned wallpaper. Opposite: Tinsel-paper balls and mantel greens give plank-walled keeping room a festive air. Fabric is hand-loomed—a product of Mrs. Beinecke's new weaving workshop.

The Walter Beinecke, Jr.s., celebrate Christmas in their stately home, built in 1834, on cobblestoned Main Street. Like other houses on this "far-away island," it is a perfect setting for a holiday homecoming. Mrs. Beinecke, whose skilled enthusiasm for weaving inspired the new handwoven-fabric workshop, Nantucket Looms, prefers Christmas with tradition. Each year, she adds a few fine old treasures to her collection of tree ornaments.

In a world gone supersonic and sophisticated, an old-fashioned reminder of Christmases past has a warm "away from it all" appeal for today's supercharged space-age Americans.

Many streets (as at left) echo the jingle bells of a horse-drawn sleigh.







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# THE CASE FOR THE NEW SOUTH

BY GOV. TERRY SANFORD  
OF NORTH CAROLINA



The Old South is gone,  
and with it, the Solid South.  
A noted Southerner  
exhorts moderates  
to resist white supremacists  
and accept the Negro.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY BRUSSEL-SMITH

I BELIEVE THE UNITED STATES has reached that moment in history when it must undertake a deep reassessment of the South. The country's present notions—drawn largely from the activities of white-supremacy extremists—are as dangerously out of touch with reality as the myths of magnolias and moonlight so long cherished by many Southerners. These notions do not take into account the fundamental social and political changes now transforming many Southern states.

The Solid South is no more—neither in politics, nor in the approach to many problems, principally civil rights. Today, the actions of at least two thirds of the states of the old Confederacy do not match the past habit of Southern solidarity. And, if the truth were known, there are many residents of the remaining states who deplore any degree of racism by their elected leaders.

It is time the rest of the United States realized that there are decent white persons all over the South; that most Southerners are people of goodwill, with an enormous capacity for compassion; that the Ku Klux Klan no more represents the overwhelming majority of white Southerners than the Black Muslims represent the Negro; and that the overwhelming majority of white Southerners are not "against" extending the rights and opportunities of Negro citizens. Throughout the South, there is a strong feeling of revulsion at the work of extremists of both sides, and a strong desire to have moderates recapture control of the civil rights struggle.

Such an effort is under way. In at least seven states of the old Confederacy—Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia—Southerners aroused by recent violent events have begun to move in an effort to erase the caricature of the South too long drawn

continued



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NEW SOUTH continued

## Decent Southerners are inhibited by the extremist minority

from the acts of Ku Kluxers and other bigots. These leaders, men "born in this century," have resolved to improve the South's economy by improving all of its parts, and to bring about the orderly acceptance of the Negro into the Southern community, guaranteeing him every right and privilege granted under the law. Efforts in the other four states, while not as visible yet, are nevertheless significant.

This last summer has taught all who didn't already know it that civil rights is a national, not a regional, problem. While we Southerners have borne most of the onus for discrimination, I fully expect the acceptance of the Negro to be achieved sooner in the South, where he is known as an individual, than in the North, where, as a comparative stranger, he is often feared.

Southern extremists cannot and should not be discounted. My point is that by attracting publicity, they make themselves seem larger, stronger and more terrifying than they are, and thereby inhibit the activities of decent white persons who want the civil-rights questions fairly resolved. Both groups must be assigned their accurate size in the perspective of the South. This is seldom done. A case in point is a comparison of two stories in the September 6, 1964, issue of the New York Times. The first story told about a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina. The second story, headlined "Now All States Have Some Integration," detailed the sporadic, half-hearted protests of segregationists as Negroes were enrolled in schools throughout the South. It said: "This year there seemed to be a lessening of opposition—a bowing to the inevitable and a disillusionment with the private school route."

These stories ran in separate sections of the newspaper. Yet they, like the events they portray, must be seen side by side if the true nature of the South's evolution is to be perceived.

I can see this evolution all about me. Ten years ago, when the U.S. Supreme Court ordered the desegregation of public schools in an unanticipated reversal of decisions that had long stood, our people were stunned. Their paralysis created a vacuum into which resistance flowed. This year, when the civil-rights bill was passed, white Southerners did not receive it with enthusiasm. Some resented it, but most expected it, and generally were prepared for its passage. There was very little outright resistance and no really intense reaction. Instead, a spirit of compliance—reluctant though it might have been in some places—pervaded much of the South.

I am not suggesting that the South has changed completely. I am saying that it is changing steadily, in ways that are not always visible to most people, particularly non-Southerners.

Some time ago, for example, white supremacists scrawled "nigger go home" on the steps of a high school that was about to be integrated. The white students got down on their knees and scrubbed the sign away before the first bell of school had rung. A few years ago, the North Carolina Prison Department began hiring Negroes. One of them was John Baker, a defensive end for the Pittsburgh Steelers. When other employees suggested that he shouldn't eat in the snack room, the director of prisons ate with him, and everybody saw that this kind of discussion was childish. Two years ago, when the Freedom Riders passed through North Carolina, the most dramatic incident was the gathering of a crowd in a bus station around a machine that inexplicably kept putting out free soft drinks.

In several Southern states, there is much evidence of fair-minded change. I am proud to say the evidence is abundant in my state.

North Carolina, without demonstrations and without court orders, abolished segregated rest rooms in state government buildings in 1961. North Carolina, without demonstrations and without court orders, peacefully integrated its state parks in 1962. The General Assembly of North Carolina, without court order and on its own initiative, repealed the color ban of the National Guard and struck



Gov. Terry Sanford, shown at the Democratic convention, has supported the Negro's fight for equality more vigorously than any public official in Southern history. North Carolina, always in the vanguard, has advanced further toward racial harmony than any state of the old Confederacy.

out provisions requiring segregated rest rooms in industrial plants. North Carolina, because of the votes of white precincts as well as precincts in which Negro voters predominate, has elected Negroes to the councils of a good many cities and towns. At the University of North Carolina, a Negro has served in the highest position available to a law student—editor of *The Law Review*.

Today, there is not a single department in the North Carolina government that does not have Negroes working where Negroes had never worked before.

Last year, North Carolina formed Good Neighbor Councils across the state to open up job opportunities, encourage education and deal with the human problems of the Negroes. We received six letters of protest—four of them from California.

Throughout the South, politics has changed significantly since the days of Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi. Demagogues are still around. But they are like the blemishes in a case of measles. The spots must surface before the body can be purged of the germs.

The unthinking will still respond to campaigns that berate the Negro, but this type of argument is less effective politically than it has ever been. More and more Southerners, given a choice of pure prejudice or a positive program, will make the positive choice. In the 1960 Democratic primary, I ran against an out-and-out segregationist. My own campaign stressed that emotionalism could destroy our school program and stop economic growth. I won.

This year, Negroes served as delegates at the National Democratic Convention in delegations where no Negro had served before. In a number of Southern cities, Negroes are serving on city councils, policy-planning boards and commissions, and as trustees of institutions. One North Carolina city has a Negro mayor pro tem; Georgia has elected its second Negro state senator since Reconstruction.

The changing vote pattern of our congressmen reflects the changing South. Ten years ago, coalitions of Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans frustrated all sorts of social legislation. Today, enough Southerners are voting for progressive programs in Congress to make possible legislation like the anti-poverty law. In the House of Representatives, there are today only a dozen Southerners with demagogic records, about the average for any region.

Several forces are producing these changes. One is economic. We are discovering that our country cannot afford to have so many people either fully or partially unproductive. The President's Council of Economic Advisers estimates that racial bias deprives the U.S. of between \$13 and \$17 billion a year in increases in gross national product. In North Carolina, we know that we are 42nd on the list of states in per capita income because Negroes don't have adequate

continued

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economic opportunities. If their income equaled that of white citizens, North Carolina would jump to 32nd, at least.

The South badly needs new industry. But what manufacturer would expect to find a worthwhile market in an area where a large percentage of the population is on relief and likely to remain so? What space industry, which must compete mightily for physicists and engineers, would locate in a community ridden with hate and prejudice? The answer to these questions is already being given. In the last several years, new industry has with few exceptions gone most heavily into those Southern states making the most progress in civil rights.

A second factor contributing to change has been the demonstrations of the Negro, and what they have taught us about the Negro's complaint. For, incredible as it seems, we Southerners had to learn.

We grew up with misconceptions, more than prejudices. Our sin was not that we were bigots; it was that we didn't stir ourselves to find out what killed the spirit of the Negro.

True, we could read in history books of the methodical political and governmental devices to set the Negro aside. Such devices, we concluded, were justified by the chaotic condition into which Recon-

struction had fallen. Most of us didn't realize that the Negro of our own day had bitter complaints. We had lived with our myths for so long that we actually believed the vast majority of Negroes were content, happy, carefree, lacking in ambition and singing in the sun. We didn't appreciate the heaviness of the burden pressing the Negro down. We could have gone by the Negro's shack—but we seldom did, and even when we did, it didn't shake the myth. We simply didn't understand the Negro's feeling of oppression.

Most of us didn't even understand that the very way we pronounced "Negro" was a daily insult. We slurred the word, so that it came out "Nigra." I was surprised some years later when a Negro law student accused me of intentionally slurring the word as an indication, albeit unconscious, of my disrespect. I explained that I also said "potata" and "tomata." But the truth is that such carelessness was a reasonably accurate indication of how little we understood the sensitivity of the Negro.

Last year, when Negro students demonstrated in Raleigh, I inquired as to their financial support. I was amazed to discover that the money came from the local, older Negroes—janitors, truck drivers, garbage men, elevator operators, all of the menials who almost everyone assumed were "satisfied with their place in life." In truth, these people had covered their resentment with smiles and patience. They were ashamed of their own docile acceptance, and were intensely, if secretly, proud of the militant young Negroes demanding change.

Many Negroes now realize that their silence worked against them. One North Carolina Negro, an Army sergeant, commenting on racial disturbances, wrote to his local newspaper: "I am as much to blame for the riots on the streets of Lexington as those who were there. For it was I who stood aside, saying and doing nothing for many years, and all the while some white people thought I was happy and content when I knew it wasn't so."

Today, the Negro is no longer silent. It is good that he is not. He has shown, as no one else could show, how determined he is to remove *now* the indignities and injustices that have been visited upon him, his parents and their parents. It is this generation, these Negroes, who want opportunity and equality for themselves.

The Negro's demonstrations awakened many white men. Progress followed. But the Negro would be mistaken if he assumed that the demonstrations, as such, brought the progress. The demonstrations brought the message: the action they inspired brought the progress. This may be a subtle distinction, but it is crucial to future progress.

Social change evolves for at least one of two reasons—because the law compels it, or because the people want it. When these forces are harmonized, change is swift. When they are discordant, change is slow, painful and upsetting.

One of the worst consequences of the outdated caricature of the South is that it gives the Negro a false impression of his problem, provokes him to excesses that alienate potential allies and ultimately creates a discord between law and desire.

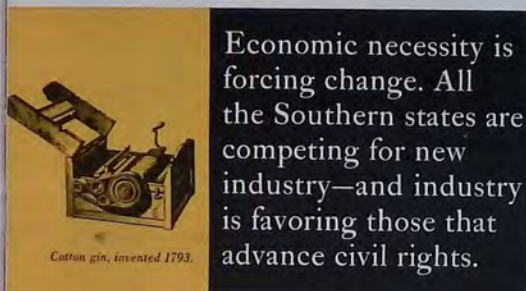
The Negro must realize that mass demonstrations—so useful in alerting the white community—have reached the point of diminishing returns. In many instances, as the demonstrations deteriorate into violence, civil disobedience or mob action, they destroy goodwill, create resentment and lose friends.

One example is the 1964 Democratic primary defeat in our own state of Richardson Preyer, a candidate pledged to continue the North Carolina policies designed to improve race relations, by Dan K. Moore, a candidate who neither embraced nor repudiated these policies. While there were many factors involved in the election, our surveys after Preyer's defeat indicated that the outbreak of violence had caused enough apprehension to swing thousands of voters to the more conservative candidate.

If the Negro could gain the help of white Southerners, his battle would be won. Yet so long as the Negro draws his impression of all white Southerners from the activities of white supremacists, he will consider the white man his "enemy," and fashion a strategy that offends those who could help him most.

I am not urging the Negro to "go slow." That would be futile advice. Rather, I am saying that the Negro must develop a more sensitive "feel" for the thinking of the white man if he is to prosecute his

continued



**Economic necessity is forcing change. All the Southern states are competing for new industry—and industry is favoring those that advance civil rights.**

struction had fallen. Most of us didn't realize that the Negro of our own day had bitter complaints. We had lived with our myths for so long that we actually believed the vast majority of Negroes were content, happy, carefree, lacking in ambition and singing in the sun. We didn't appreciate the heaviness of the burden pressing the Negro down. We could have gone by the Negro's shack—but we seldom did, and even when we did, it didn't shake the myth. We simply didn't understand the Negro's feeling of oppression.

How could we understand? Most of us had never experienced anything like it. How could we understand the feeling of the father who never knew where he could buy a decent meal while on an automobile trip, or which service station would allow his little girl to use the rest room? How could we understand the feeling of the mother who had to explain to her little boy why he could not sit up front and watch the bus driver? How could we understand the feeling of the high-school student who had just seen the school's valedictorian of five years earlier working on a garbage truck? How could we understand that even the meanest, sorriest whites-only restaurant was a daily burden to the Negro—a reminder that he was second-class?

I'm sure that I didn't understand. I grew up in Laurinburg, N.C., then mostly a farming town. Its people were decent, fair and civic-minded. They built a hospital and library, and put up a good part of the money for an outstanding college. Not many people in Laurinburg in the 1930's believed their attitudes were prejudiced. Most of them thought the Negro was generally well satisfied; most of them gave the Negro credit for Christian patience, which, indeed, he had in abundance. I am certain that I shared these sentiments.

Not many of the white people of my town would have been in-



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## NEW SOUTH continued

### The Negro must alert himself to changes in Southern thought

cause most effectively. I suggest that this thinking is being altered in ways the Negro does not properly comprehend—by a force that, properly marshaled, induces change with infinitely more effect than economic necessity or protest demonstrations. That force is the moral imperative for change, present today in many parts of the South.

All people are embarrassed by their errors. We don't like to admit that we were wrong. And so we change with reluctance. But we change. My own enlightenment on the racial issue reflected many of these emotions. It was during military service in World War II that the thoughts I had inherited from boyhood began to be challenged: in a war of freedom versus tyranny, the concept of freedom matures. It was during my first years as Governor of North Carolina that this challenge reached its climax.

During my campaign, I had promised to visit every school in the state. In keeping that promise, I spoke to the young people with great urgency about their need for education. We were entering an age, I told them, when automation would put such a premium on skills that the poorly educated person would have little chance to earn a decent living. Each time I made this address to Negro students, it was with an increasing sense of frustration and guilt. These students were just as attentive, just as eager, just as presentable as the white students, yet I knew that so long as we failed to open up new opportunities for them, they would not have the same chance as the white students. I finally realized that if I were to remain an honest man, I was either going to have to change the speech, or try to change the state of North Carolina.

I have not changed the speech. I have attempted since to change the state. I have had a great amount of help from persons who feel as I do, both at the state level and in the communities, where the ultimate solution of racial problems lies. Their response convinces me that the Southern heart is right, that most Southerners are fair-minded moderates on the racial issue, that they will react properly when the issues are put to them. But I know, as well, that change produces pain, that changing in the face of tradition—however outdated the tradition—is a prospect not easily confronted. Yet, time and again, businessmen in our communities, weighing their fears of public disapproval against their moral convictions, came up with a courageous answer.

It is this kind of support that will end our saddest domestic story. That is why I am so eager to see this support cultivated, not alienated. The conscience of the Southern moderates has awakened. The Negro should learn to deal with it in the most effective manner. Often what is direct is ineffective, and what is indirect works best. The experience of one of our cities provides an excellent example of what I mean.

Last year, that city's council voted to integrate the community pools. The council was promptly ousted by an anti-integration vote. Rather than continuing their pressure for integration of the pools, the city's Negroes pushed instead for action on less emotion-charged fronts. Soon, the new city council had integrated all accommodations and widely broadened Negro employment opportunities. In time, the council will again consider the question of the pools.

Restraint is difficult, but restraint is the mark of the civilized man. Restraint is not weakness; it is courage. Restraint in the face of irresponsibility is great courage.

Where the Negro does not heed the counsel of restraint, let the white man be cautious in assessing blame. He should realize that if the Negro is not furnishing adequate leadership, it is because leadership requires experience, and the Negro has seldom been given the opportunity for such experience. If there are excesses, the white citizen must exercise even more restraint, along with patience and forgiveness. Most important, he must be understanding of errors of procedure and get at the causes of frustration. No man can be excused for breaking the law, but the white citizens should realize that if the

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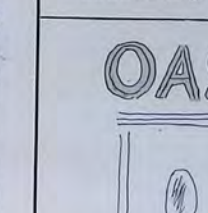
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# NEW SOUTH continued

"Let white Southern moderates find courage in numbers."

deep discontents of the Negro were removed, he would feel no urge to break the law in his demonstrations for justice.

The South's great weakness today is not the bigotry of its extremists. It is the inertia of its moderates. Moderates, by definition, are not activists. They don't raise their voices, don't make their feelings felt. And so extremists too often dominate politics and events.

Southern moderates must ask whether they are any longer willing to let extremists present a caricature of the South to the world. If they are not, they must commit themselves to specific actions.

They must, first of all, discover one another, and form the kind of community organizations that have so helped in our own state.

They must make certain through these organizations that Negroes have the best educational opportunities we can create, and that they are taking advantage of all the education available. Many Negroes are not doing so now, because they have learned that education does not help them get a job.

Southern moderates who are businessmen must employ qualified Negroes, and those who are not in business must indicate their support for such actions by businessmen. At the same time, moderates must realize that economic security and advancement alone will not be enough for the Negro. The Negro psychology is much deeper, much more involved.

Somewhat, the Southern moderate must convince the Negro that he is not the Negro's enemy, so that the Negro won't miscalculate.

Politics will change the moment politicians know there is no longer anything to be gained from racism. The Southern moderate can indicate by his vote that he favors responsible change and disapproves of extremism. Leaders are far more likely to stand up and challenge extremists, if they believe the majority wants them challenged.

Let the moderates of the South find courage in numbers. Let them challenge extremism at every turn. Nothing will cause the extremists to flee more quickly than the discovery that they are outnumbered. Nothing would be better for the South than to be rid of its extremists. Then—and only then—will the rest of the U.S., and the world, see the New South for what it is.

We cannot as a nation thrive in a climate of destructive conflict. We cannot remain the hope and leader of the free world if we retain or condone second-class citizenship based on race. As Southerners, this is our challenge to serve the free world.

END



"If they have the least sense of humor, we'll drink on the house all evening."

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# LOOK BOOK BONUS

# STAGE-STRUCK

THE ROMANCE OF ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

ALFRED LUNT first strode onto a Broadway stage in October, 1917, and the critics couldn't have cared less. His performance in the long-forgotten comedy *Romance and Arabella* was ignored by most of the bored reviewers. But an actress named Alexandra Carlisle was impressed, and urged producer George Tyler to hire Lunt as male lead in the touring company of the show in which she was starring, *The Country Cousin*. Without enthusiasm, Tyler wired Lunt, who had already returned to his home in Genesee Depot, Wis., after the folding of *Romance and Arabella*. Lunt dictated a reply, collect, to the Genesee Depot telegraph operator: WILL BE GLAD TO COME. SALARY TWO HUNDRED A WEEK. This was twice what he had received for his single Broadway appearance.

The next day, he had an answer: REPORT FOR REHEARSALS JUNE 17. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.

"But I asked for two hundred," Lunt said to the telegrapher.

"Now, see here, young fellow," the telegrapher said. "I didn't send him that crazy price. I wired him asking for one hundred and fifty."

"But why?"

"I felt you were pricing yourself awful high. Last time you sent a wire, you only asked a hundred. Didn't want you to lose the job."

Lunt set to work at once studying the script. He was playing George Tewkesbury Reynolds III, an Eastern fop. A realist in all details, Lunt ordered engraved calling cards for Reynolds, then shopped for a cigarette case, since the character lighted a cigarette in one scene. He found a handsome golden case and had it engraved GTR III.

A friend, Ray Weaver, was shocked by this wanton prodigality. "You could go into any five-and-dime store and buy a cigarette case made of tin, and who'd know the difference?" Weaver asked.

"I would," Alfred said.

Booth Tarkington, coauthor of *The Country Cousin*, happened to be passing through Boston when the show played there. It was a hot July afternoon, and Tarkington dropped by the theater, intending to see only one act. The sweaty audience was listless. Lunt made his entrance about 20 minutes after the start of Act I, and with it, he galvanized the audience and walked into theatrical history. Tarkington stayed for the entire play. When *The Country Cousin* reached Indianapolis, where Tarkington lived, he invited Alfred to lunch. After lunch, they went upstairs and stayed in the writer's study for a long time. Mrs. Tarkington, who was downstairs, was suddenly chilled by a loud scream from above. She ran

out into the foyer, in time to see Lunt sliding down the bannister and roaring, "He's going to write a play for me! I'm made! I'm made!"

A few months later, Lunt came to New York to read a scene from Tarkington's new play, *Clarence*. In the wings, an English-born actress, Lynn Fontanne, was chatting with Sidney Toler, who later played Charlie Chan in the movies. Then, she heard a voice of extraordinary resonance and range coming from the stage. She turned to Toler.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That is a man who is no ordinary actor," Toler said. "He is going far." And he told her the actor's name. It was the first time Lynn Fontanne, who had been in the theater for 14 years, had heard of Alfred Lunt, who had been acting for seven years. They were introduced, and it was the first time he had heard of her.

LYNN FONTANNE was born on December 6, in Essex, ten miles north-east of London. The year is debatable, and the usual authorities in such matters contradict each other. *The New Yorker* once collated a dozen references to Lynn's birthday—no two of which agreed.

Her father, Jules Pierre Antoine Fontanne, was French. Her mother, Ellen Thornley, was Irish. Five daughters were born of the union. The oldest was Mai Ellen Lucie (1882). The others were Antoinette Marie (1883), Frances Emma (1886), Lillie Louise (1887) and Lynn (?). In 1935, *Who's Who in the Theatre* said Lynn was born in 1882. Lynn denied it. The *New York Herald Tribune* sent a man delving into the archives. He concluded that Lillie Louise (born 1887) and Lynn were the same person. Confronted with the birth dates of the four Fontanne daughters, Lynn smiled archly. Ah, but she was not one of those four. There had been a fifth daughter, don't you see?

Lynn sometimes traces her career back to the age of five, when she got lost on the beach at Brighton. Her family found her hours later at the police station, perched on a table, surrounded by an audience of constables, reciting a poem she had composed.

She may have been 12 or 23 or somewhere in between in September, 1905, when she called on the great stage star Ellen Terry, who diverted herself by guiding young ladies who wanted to act.

Miss Terry told Lynn to "do something" while she had breakfast. Lynn murmured, "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Miss Terry laughed at the girl's audacity,

continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON

Lynn Fontanne first appeared on Broadway in 1910, and Alfred Lunt in 1917. Today, they live quietly in Wisconsin.



but she listened. And she was taken by her charm.

"I will give you lessons," she said. "I don't know exactly when, or what hours, or how often, but mind, when I call for you, you must come at once. You must make no other engagements, not even in the evenings, for I may want you to work in the evenings."

Miss Terry lent Lynn the playscript of *King Lear* she herself had used, with her own notes and underlinings for the part of Cordelia. She got Lynn acting assignments, beginning with a debut appearance on December 26, 1905, as a chorus girl in a Christmas pantomime, *Cinderella*, at the Drury Lane Theatre. This was followed by a walk-on in Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Then, Miss Terry fell in love with her leading man in Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, a handsome American actor, James Carew, 24 years old. She was 64. Sailing for America to tour with the Shaw comedy, she said good-bye to Lynn. "That's all I'm going to be able to do for you," she said. "If I helped you any more, it wouldn't be good for your character, for each one runs his own race."

ON HER OWN, and timid, Lynn had to learn how to talk boldly to theatrical booking agents and producers. She worked to overcome her timidity. *I must be brazen*, she would repeat. *I must be a hussy like other girls, or I'll fail*. Her first confrontation was with the actor-manager H. Beerbohm Tree, then auditioning girls for *Edwin Drood*. When she told him she had played in a pantomime and done walk-ons, his reaction was frosty: "I don't care to hire girls who lack experience."

Lynn counterattacked: "But how will you find girls this young with experience? And how will I get experience if you don't give me work? Am I to go from one agent's office to another and always be told I lack experience and not be able to get it because everybody is as indifferent as you and does not give me work?"

Charmed by her outburst, Tree hired her. So she was an actress now, which is to say that she got trivial parts in trivial plays and was out of work more often than not. There was no progress in the race she had entered, and the plays—*Lady Frederick*, *Billy's Bargain*, *Mr. Preedy* and *the Countess*—are today just dead names in a list.

Still timid, Lynn contrived a trick that helped her at parties or dinners. She would brace herself before sweeping into the room and repeat to herself: *I won't worry about what they think about me, and I will only concentrate upon what I think about them. I will look about me and enjoy the others and amuse them by being charming.*

She was remembering her formula late one afternoon as she stood in the salon of the Marchioness of Townsend. Hundreds of men and women crowded into the Marchioness's town house, with many of them queuing up for introductions to the guest of honor, the American star Laurette Taylor. Miss Taylor had recently opened at the Globe in her New York hit, *Peg o' My Heart*, written by her husband Hartley Manners.

From a distance, Lynn examined Miss Taylor, who was perched on a divan at the opposite end of the long room. She was not tall or graceful, and she was gotten up in a garish, flowered pink-satin dress and an enormous black hat with ostrich plumes. Lynn thought Miss Taylor seemed unhappy, uneasy. *Perhaps*, she thought, *the party is an ordeal for her too*. When a woman sitting beside the star vacated her place, Lynn crossed the room, weaving through the crowd. Miss Taylor's first impression of her was of an alarmingly skinny creature in a little straw hat with two long velvet streamers.

Lynn sat down. She spoke nervously: "It's so hard meeting so many strangers, and all at once like this." After Miss Taylor murmured a few words, Lynn added, "I'm an actress, and you can lean on me, for I am very shy as well."

"You are sweet," Miss Taylor said. "What is your name and what have you played in?"

Lynn said she was only a "little actress," and the only important roles she had done were in *Milestones* and — "Oh, but I saw that," Miss Taylor said. "And who were you?" Lynn told her.

"But you were marvelous. I'd never have known you were so young." She took Lynn's hand and told her, "I've decided to form

my own permanent acting company. Would you like to come to America and play with me?" Lynn, assuming it was tea-party badinage, said, "Of course, Miss Taylor. I should love it."

"It's agreed, then," she said airily (although none of the details of the venture in the United States had been discussed, and the trip to America was left in the vague future), and abruptly arose and started to leave. When Lynn didn't follow, she beckoned to her. "Come," she commanded. Lynn followed her, dazzled by the magisterial American's furs, her air of running the world, and her limousine waiting outside.

As they parted, Miss Taylor said she was giving a supper and dance for some friends at the Grafton Club the day after tomorrow, and would expect Lynn to be there, of course, and to be fashionably dressed. Lynn accepted. She fell at once into the relationship of protégée and master, as she had with Ellen Terry. But Ellen Terry had been soft and considerate, and Laurette Taylor, during the decade of her relationship with Lynn Fontanne, was often to be selfish, cruel and tyrannical, these moods alternating with moods of warmth and kindness. Her implied criticism of Lynn's clothes, for example, was not only cruel but uncalled-for, because Miss Taylor—probably the most sensitive actress in American stage history—was, offstage, a woman of awful taste in almost everything—clothes, choice of plays, husbands. (Lynn somehow always looked elegant, even when she had no money.) Yet for a long time, Lynn would accept her inferior role in this strange friendship. Laurette Taylor would protect her and promote her—and in return, Lynn would swallow humiliation disguised as friendly counsel or good-natured teasing.

When the Germans began bombing London by Zeppelin in 1915, Laurette couldn't eat, sleep or give her performances. She suddenly closed the show, said good-bye to Lynn at the boat train and returned to New York. Lynn worked a bit here and there in vaudeville, but her career on the stage was dragging. Then a cable came: *WILL YOU COME TO AMERICA? STARTING REHEARSALS NEW PLAY. COME IMMEDIATELY. SALARY 100 DOLLARS WEEK. CABLE REPLY. FARE WILL BE SENT YOU. LOVE, LAURETTE TAYLOR.*

Lynn had been to America five years earlier, when she played in *Mr. Preedy* and *the Countess*. The company had a two-week run in Canada before opening at Nazimova's 39th Street Theatre on November 7,

## STAGE-STRUCK

In 1919, Alfred Lunt bought three acres and a small house at Genesee Depot, Wis. With each hit show, the Lunts bought more land, and today their farm, Ten Chimneys, stretches over about 120 acres, most of them densely wooded.

1910. Reviews were condescending, and Lynn's subtle comedic touches were overlooked by the critics. The closing notice went up in three weeks. Lynn returned to London with no pleasant memories of New York.

Now, on her second trip, she reached Manhattan with just \$40 in her purse. "I went to a cheap hotel," she recalls. "I didn't have time to change my clothes. I put on a heavy sweater over my dress. It was very cold, so I put on an old coat as well. I guess I looked a horror. I got on a trolley car and went uptown to where *The Wooing of Eve* was rehearsing." She made a lamentable entrance. The door slammed, and a fat man, brandishing a dead cigar, told her to get out—there was a rehearsal going on. He must be the producer, Lynn thought, the famous George Tyler. When Laurette rapturously embraced Lynn and told Tyler her name, he said that she was a "human scarecrow," and pigeon-toed. Laurette assured him that her protégée was a talent and introduced her to the company. Lynn found her place in the script and spoke her first lines, in a high, thin voice. Tyler snarled, "They won't be able to hear her beyond the tenth row of the orchestra." Next came one of his muttered speeches

continued



Lunt, an enthusiastic cook, collects French pots, pans and china. Part of his collection decorates a drawing room at the farm.



Since her days as a penniless young actress, Lynn Fontanne has made many of her own clothes.



Lunt, who designed and decorated the rambling house, often spends hours in the greenhouse and gardens.





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DESIGN FOR LIVING WITH NOEL COWARD

## STAGE-STRUCK

about girls who wanted to go on the stage, but were fit only for cooking and raising babies. Laurette whispered to Lynn to pay no attention.

When Lynn returned to her shabby room and studied the script, she felt a sensation of absurdity and horror. She had traveled 3,000 miles through submarine-infested waters to play a stupid role, lacking both in cleverness and body. In her first scene, the stage directions called for her to burst into tears 19 times!

*The Wooing of Eve*, which was written by Laurette Taylor's husband, opened in Philadelphia on April 10 and closed almost at once, as the critics agreed it was artificial, sentimental and a crashing bore besides. Hartley Manners then wrote a less sentimental but equally artificial drama, *The Harp of Life*. It went into rehearsal in July and opened at the Globe Theatre in Manhattan on Monday, November 27, 1916. Lynn Fontanne was unknown to the theatergoer on Monday. On Tuesday, she was a celebrity. She had scored one of those rare overnight sensations, though she played a minor role in a play dominated by a great actress.

Later, she played in *Out There* and *Happiness* with Laurette, and in *A Pair of Petticoats* and *Someone in the House*. Each time, she cut a new facet and polished it brighter. Laurette wasn't at all jealous of her protégée's success. She made her take every curtain call she could get, and also taught her not to worry about forgetting lines, to relax and improvise dialogue.

In May, 1919, Lynn went to the Hudson Theatre, where Tyler was holding readings with a group of actors he had recruited for his stock company. It was while she was in the wings talking with Sidney Toler that she heard a voice, looked toward the stage and first saw Alfred Lunt.

ALFRED DAVID LUNT, JR., was born in Milwaukee on August 19, 1892. When he was only three or four years old, he gave his first public performance at his home. He had seen a picture of Cupid in a magazine, and this inspired him to undress himself completely. Somewhere, he had found a bow and an arrow. Entirely naked, he strode into the front parlor, where his mother was entertaining friends at tea. He fitted the arrow to the bow and struck a pose as Eros. "Unfortunately, I hadn't bothered about wearing a sash, and my mother's friends thought I was a badly brought-up child. But Mama laughed," Alfred says.

Mrs. Lunt began taking Alfred to the theater when he was three. A few years later, she began buying him colored sheets that a child could piece together to make a miniature stage and costumed actors for a currently popular play. A condensed script was also provided so that children could lip out the dialogue as they moved the toy actors on the toy stage. Alfred's toy theaters still survive.

Mrs. Lunt, whose first child had died in 1894 and her husband in 1895, built a little world composed entirely of herself and Alfred. Once, when Alfred was five, he was playing in the flour barrel. The cook complained to Mrs. Lunt. Her reply was, "Why shouldn't he play in the flour barrel? If Alfred wants to play in the flour barrel, he probably has a very good reason for playing in the flour barrel, and I approve of it."

Alfred's theatrics soon vaulted beyond the confines of the barrel. In an early scrapbook, there is a record of a production of *Rip Van Winkle*, given by the "Lunt Stock Company" at "Lunt's Wisconsin Theatre" in 1901. Alfred was the scenic designer, the director, the "general manager" and, of course, the star.

When Alfred was seven, his mother married Carl Sederholm, a continued

When theater critics were asked to name the ten best American actors in 1930, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne placed first and second. After an almost unbroken series of stage triumphs, they were offered \$250,000 to play *Tristan and Isolde* by Carl Laemmle, then head of Universal Pictures. Lynn answered, "Mr. Laemmle, we can be bought, but we can't be bored."

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## STAGE-STRUCK

Howard Lindsay called the young Lunt "awkward and ungainly."

tall, dark, suave man and an excellent physician. There were three children by this marriage. Dr. Sederholm died in 1909.

Though now a poor widow with three small children, Mrs. Sederholm refused to let Alfred, who was 17, work in a Milwaukee factory. She proposed that he enter Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis., and said she would make ends meet by operating a boardinghouse in Waukesha. She had never made a meal in her life, and did not know very much about making beds, or washing, or ironing.

Alfred took over. He shopped, cooked, checked the guests in, made them comfortable and saw that they paid their bills. Since his mother was bored by discipline and child care, he also reared his two half-sisters and his half-brother. Mrs. Sederholm would make long, rambling, philosophical speeches to the children when something went wrong, and leave it to Alfred to discipline them, get them to bed and give them their medicines. Once, all three came down with whooping cough at one time. Alfred, up for two nights, nursed them through the crisis. One morning, he trudged wearily into the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. Mrs. Sederholm bustled in and began singing merrily. Alfred looked up at her. "In God's name," he said, sighing, "please don't have any more children!"

To Mrs. Sederholm, life was a comedy. She had saved, from her second marriage, a set of beautiful Dresden china. When guests came out on a weekend and she served dinner, it would amuse her to ask one

of them to help wash the dishes. In the kitchen, she had an old set of cheap dishes. She would hand the guest several of the old cracked plates and tell him to wait a few seconds, and hurl them on the floor. Then she would go back into the dining room to hear the crash of dishes and enjoy the looks of horror when the visitors thought the good Dresden china was being shattered.

At Carroll College, in 1909, the term "oratory" meant the courses given by May Nickel Rankin—a tall, bony spinster with eyeglasses and a passion for the theater. She staged six productions a year, and Alfred was the leading man in all. He designed, built and painted the scenery. At a time when the plays of Shaw and Ibsen were still considered scandalous, Miss Rankin was putting them on in Waukesha, with Lunt playing the leads. "Most of the students were farm boys, from around the country," Lunt recalls. "Well, inside of a month, May Rankin would have these big, shy farmers reciting speeches from Shakespeare and loving it. I'll never forget once in class she was trying to show us how an actor has to relax, and she said, 'Now I want you all to do your hands like a handkerchief.'"

"Can you imagine a room full of rough, tough farmers doing their hands like handkerchiefs? Well, they did."

BY HIS SECOND year of college, Alfred had worked up a program of impersonations and comedy characters and was giving performances all over Wisconsin.

In 1912, Alfred transferred to the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston, which had been Miss Rankin's alma mater. A few days after enrolling there, he walked in, one Saturday, to see George Henry Trader, director of the Castle Square Theatre. Trader said, "Yes?" Alfred said, "I want to go on the stage." Trader said, "Can you start rehearsing Tuesday?" That was all.

Alfred made his Boston debut in *The Aviator* on October 7, 1912.

He had devoted that entire afternoon to bronzing his face, fixing up an authentic goatee, penciling in wrinkles and pouching his eyes. The experience helped. In the two years he remained at the Castle Square, he rarely played any character less than 50 years old. "I became an expert in theatrical senility," he recalls. The star always played the young hero, even if he was several decades older than Alfred.

Mabel Colcord, a leading lady at the Castle Square, was struck by a habit Alfred developed. When he wasn't in a scene, he would hover in the wings and stare over the footlights. Every time the audience reacted—either with a sudden burst of laughter or with that intake of breath that indicates complete attention—he would try to figure out what had stimulated this response. His attention to detail startled the other actors. Playing the part of a dragon in *The Gingerbread Man*, he decided he had to breathe smoke. He lit a smudge pot inside the dragon and belched forth clouds. At one performance, the dragon caught fire, and Alfred almost died of suffocation.

In 1914, Alfred was called to Chicago to read for a play starring Margaret Anglin. Her stage manager, a young man named Howard Lindsay, thought that Alfred's voice was hollow and broke badly, his hips jutted out asymmetrically, and his shoulders stooped—altogether "a most awkward and ungainly chap." It was impossible to imagine his ever becoming a professional actor. "True, he is ugly," Miss Anglin told Lindsay, "but it is a handsome ugliness." And she hired Lunt for \$50 a week.

ALFRED TOURED THE Western states with Miss Anglin in a play called *Beverly's Balance*, then joined her in a six-week season of Greek tragedy in California. He also toured with two other well-known actresses—Laura Hope Crews and Lily Langtry—and appeared briefly on Broadway before his performance in *The Country Cousin* led to Tarkington's offer to write a play especially for him.

As the plot and characters of the play were more clearly defined, Tarkington wrote to tell Lunt that he would be portraying an entomologist named Clarence, who played the piano and the saxophone. Alfred could pretend at a piano onstage while somebody else struck a keyboard in the wings, Tarkington said, and the saxophone could be played entirely offstage.

Alfred would not consider this. "I could not really have played Clarence so it would be real to me unless I played the sax myself," he explains. "I began practicing as often as I could, in the dressing room or in hotels. Naturally, guests complained. I used to pray for thunderstorms. During a thunderstorm, I could practice without any trouble."

While Tarkington completed *Clarence*, the Tyler Stock Company opened its first summer season in Washington, D. C. On June 9, 1919, in the company's second offering, *Made of Money*, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne appeared together on a stage for the first time. They starred again the following week in *A Young Man's Fancy*, and the cast noted the unusual ardor of their love scenes. There were very few citizens of Washington in the National Theatre to see these historic performances. On June 21, the theater was empty for both the matinee and the evening showings, even though it was a Saturday. Tyler, enraged, canceled the season.

That night, the troupe took a train back to New York. Lynn was sent out on the road to tour in *Made of Money* with another actor, and Alfred was ordered to start rehearsing the now-completed *Clarence*.

Tyler was troubled. He felt Alfred was too "eccentric" an actor for the lead in a Booth Tarkington play in New York. Tarkington was worried about the New York drama critics. They had scorned his earlier work, and he had written *Clarence* without much plot to prove that he could compose a Chekhovian comedy "whose whole substance is character and detail." Tyler was not enthusiastic over the proof. He doubted that a drama whose principal character played a saxophone to beetles to see if they had auditory powers would inspire audience identification. But in the Atlantic City tryout, to Tyler's surprise, the audience responded warmly. He planned to take *Clarence* on a brief tour and open on Broadway in September.

Then, suddenly, Broadway was closed down. Actors Equity, the union supported by a majority of the actors, including almost all of the stars on Broadway, called a strike after producers refused to

continued



# Does it make sense to jump out of a warm bed into a bowl of cold cereal?



Wake up, baby.  
Cold cereal's cold. Cold, cold, cold going down. Cold when it hits your stomach. Smack! And on these cold, cold mornings, baby, that's a chilly way to start.  
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So make good hot Quaker Oats these wintry mornings.  
Listen, baby. It'll never leave you cold.  
In some cities, Quaker Oats is called Mother's Oats.



## STAGE-STRUCK

Helen Hayes compared young Lynn Fontanne to Eliza Doolittle

recognize the union and grant its demands for fairer treatment.

Alfred returned home to Wisconsin, emotionally and physically drained. Lynn agreed to come to the farm the following week to meet his mother and his stepbrother and stepsisters.

Meanwhile, the circus had arrived in Milwaukee, and Alfred took his mother and his stepsister Karin. They always enjoyed circuses, and after the performance ended, they boarded the train for home singing loudly. Alfred loosened his tie and rolled up his sleeves. They were all laughing when Mrs. Sederholm became aware of a tall, slender lady in the aisle, staring at them like a society woman who had wandered into a roomful of wretchedly reared urchins. Mrs. Sederholm poked Alfred in the ribs. He looked up.

"My gawd," he groaned. "It can't be Linnie." He didn't expect her until the following day.

Lynn stayed two weeks, and it was a bad time for all. Mrs. Sederholm fired gibes at Lynn whenever she could. Alfred tried to explain his mother's ways to her, but she could not ignore the hostility, even though she realized that it might not be directed at her personally. Mrs. Sederholm obviously did not want Alfred to marry anybody.

SOON AFTER LYNN'S departure, Tyler telegraphed: STRIKE OVER. RETURN SOONEST POSSIBLE. On September 6, 1919, the cast of *Clarence* was reunited. The mood of exhilaration carried through the opening night, September 20, one of the great evenings in Broadway history. Overnight, Alfred Lunt—known vaguely as an oddball comedy type—was recognized as a comic virtuoso, and a young actress named Helen Hayes became a star. The play was a triumph for Tarkington, and made \$500,000 for Tyler.

In *Clarence*, the five female characters loved the hero. Backstage, the five actresses who played them were in love with Alfred. But Alfred didn't love them back—not any of them.

Each night, at 11, Lynn Fontanne swept in, marched to Alfred's dressing room and remained there until he was dressed. Then, arm in arm, they sauntered out. To the 19-year-old lovelorn Helen Hayes, Lynn seemed unappealing—an "Eliza Doolittle come to life. . . . Seldom have I seen a more awkward, skinny creature. For some reason, she always wore a hat with dangling, bedraggled plumes. . . . I squirmed with jealousy and resented her fiercely."

One day in 1920, Lynn lunched with the producer Edward Knobloch. She spoke about her love, Alfred's talent and how well they had played together in Washington. She also confided her worries about the frequent separations. Well, suggested Knobloch, the solution was to play only with Alfred—and he knew just the vehicle for them both. Lynn wrote Tyler: "Knobloch is awfully anxious for you to revive *My Lady's Dress*. I think well acted BY ME it would be a great success & Alfred Lunt in the man's part & you have a GREAT combination."

Tyler didn't think Lunt and Fontanne were a "great combination." He had other plans for Lynn—and Alfred.

That summer, *Clarence* went on vacation before touring in the fall. Lynn and Alfred settled down in a theatrical boardinghouse at 130 West 70th Street. Lynn had a suite on the third floor. Alfred was in the basement front room. When Noel Coward, who had known Lynn as a young actress in London, arrived in New York, she showed him around her living room, then opened the bedroom door. Noel whispered, "Ah, so this is where Alfred betrays you."

Both were touring with plays in the spring of 1922. When Dulcy, starring Lynn Fontanne, closed in New Haven, and *The Intimate Strangers*, starring Alfred Lunt, finished in Baltimore, they had a free week. They were sitting in Central Park one balmy morning when Alfred suddenly leaped up. "Let's get married," he said. "Today?" Lynn asked. "Now," Alfred said. "Immediately." They took the sub-

continued



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Arthur Godfrey, Lucille Ball. Two happy redheads. Twice the fun weekdays on the CBS Radio stations listed opposite. Listen. You'll love them both. We say that...and we mean it.

## The CBS Radio Network



## STAGE-STRUCK

Lunt borrowed two dollars from the witnesses for their wedding fee

way to City Hall, entered the Marriage Bureau, filled out the forms. Two witnesses were needed for the civil ceremony. Alfred ran into the corridor and flushed out two bewildered gentlemen to attend the rites. A clerk united them in holy matrimony. It was May 26, 1922. The clerk asked for the fee of two dollars. Alfred's hand went to his inside breast pocket. It was empty!

"Good lord," he said, "I forgot my wallet." Lynn, as always, had forgotten her purse, and between the two of them, they had 95 cents. The groom borrowed two dollars from the witnesses.

Alfred had to break the news to his mother. He telegraphed: HAVE MADE AN HONEST WOMAN OF LYNN. Hattie Sederholm wired congratulations and invited them to summer in Genesee Depot.

Lynn and Alfred were now earning between \$500 and \$750 each a week, but they had not acted together since their little-noticed appearances in Washington. Some producers felt that they were unsuitable candidates for an acting partnership, and others had difficulty finding scripts in which the woman's role and the man's role were equally balanced. Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild believed that she had the answer in an old Ferenc Molnar comedy, *The Guardsman*. It had been produced on Broadway in 1913 and closed in two weeks. During the next ten years, the script had been shown to every leading actor and actress, and all had spurned it.

IN APRIL, 1924, WHEN Miss Helburn suggested Lynn and Alfred, her colleagues disagreed violently. But she was determined. She had dinner with Alfred, handed him two copies of the typescript and said she hoped he and Lynn realized that the Guild was a poor, struggling society, and that they must not expect to make their regular income. "I'm afraid we couldn't pay you more than \$250," she said. She named five recent Guild productions and listed the organization's loss on each. Alfred, who was romantic about the theater, thought of the Guild as a heroic band of missionaries. He said money was secondary to the quality of the play. Let them read it, and then they would discuss such details.

At three o'clock the next morning, Alfred and Lynn had decided. A few hours later, he telephoned Miss Helburn to tell her they would appear in *The Guardsman*.

When he hung up the receiver, he looked crushed. "There was a misunderstanding," he told Lynn. "She says the Guild means to pay \$250 for you and me. The both of us."

At first, Lynn was indignant. But then, as they talked more about the play, she said, "The hell with the money."

The night before the premiere, the Guild's board of directors attended a run-through. At the end of it, the directors looked as if they had been at a funeral. It was a disaster, they chorused. Alfred was absolutely wrong in his portrayal of the Russian guardsman. He must change his costume, his makeup and his conception of the role.

"I left the meeting with nothing to believe in," Alfred recalls. "It was the cruelest thing anyone has ever done to me."

*The Guardsman* opened at the Garrick Theatre on October 13, 1924. Alexander Woolcott wrote in the *New York Sun*: "Those who saw [Lunt and Fontaine] last night bowing hand in hand for the first time, may well have been witnessing a moment in theatrical history. It is among the possibilities that we were seeing the first chapter in a partnership destined to be as distinguished as that of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry."

The next season, in *Shaw's Arms and the Man*, the Lunts gave the Theatre Guild its second great hit. In return, the Guild agreed to pay them \$750 a week and a small percentage of the gross of each of their plays. Three years later, they appeared together or separately in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Marco Millions* and *Strange Interlude*. (Of the continued

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## STAGE-STRUCK

After 1927, the Lunts refused to play in separate productions

five-hour-long O'Neill play. Alfred once said, "If *Strange Interlude* had had two more acts, I could have sued Lynn for desertion.") All were hits, and the Guild raised the scale to \$1,000 a week.

When the Guild briefly sent them on road tours with separate plays, Alfred and Lynn said they would not renew their contracts unless it was stipulated that they would never again have to play in different plays. The Guild held out for weeks, but finally agreed. In the years that followed, Lunt and Fontanne became "the Lunts," and together they drew hundreds of thousands into theaters to see *Reunion in Vienna* (1931), *Design for Living* (1933), *The Taming of the Shrew* (1935), *Idiot's Delight* (1936), *Amphitryon 38* (1937), *There Shall Be No Night* (1940), *O Mistress Mine* (1946), *The Great Sebastians* (1956) and *The Visit* (1958).

They did much and worked hard. They met every challenge nature, art and society flung at them, and they won. Out of the raw material of shyness and a sense of inferiority, Lynn made herself into one of the most glamorous women of her time. Beginning with small technical knowledge, she ripened into the most powerful actress in the world. Alfred, taking the clay and straw of his middle-class Midwestern American background, a most uncongenial stuff for the artist, formed himself into a leading dramatic personality of the age. He did not attempt to reform the world or the commercial theater. He acted everywhere and in whatever material came to his hand. In Wisconsin, before farm audiences on a lecture circuit. In Boston, in a stock company playing crime melodramas. In vaudeville. In Broadway plays. He never bemoaned the problem of being a serious actor in America or cast aspersions on Broadway producers. He simply went about the business of acting, trying his best to live up to his ideal of the theater as a church in which actors presented the great issues of life to an audience of communicants.

The Lunts never betrayed the theater. And the theater has never forgotten them.

On May 5, 1958, the Globe Theater in New York City was renamed in their honor the Lunt-Fontanne. END

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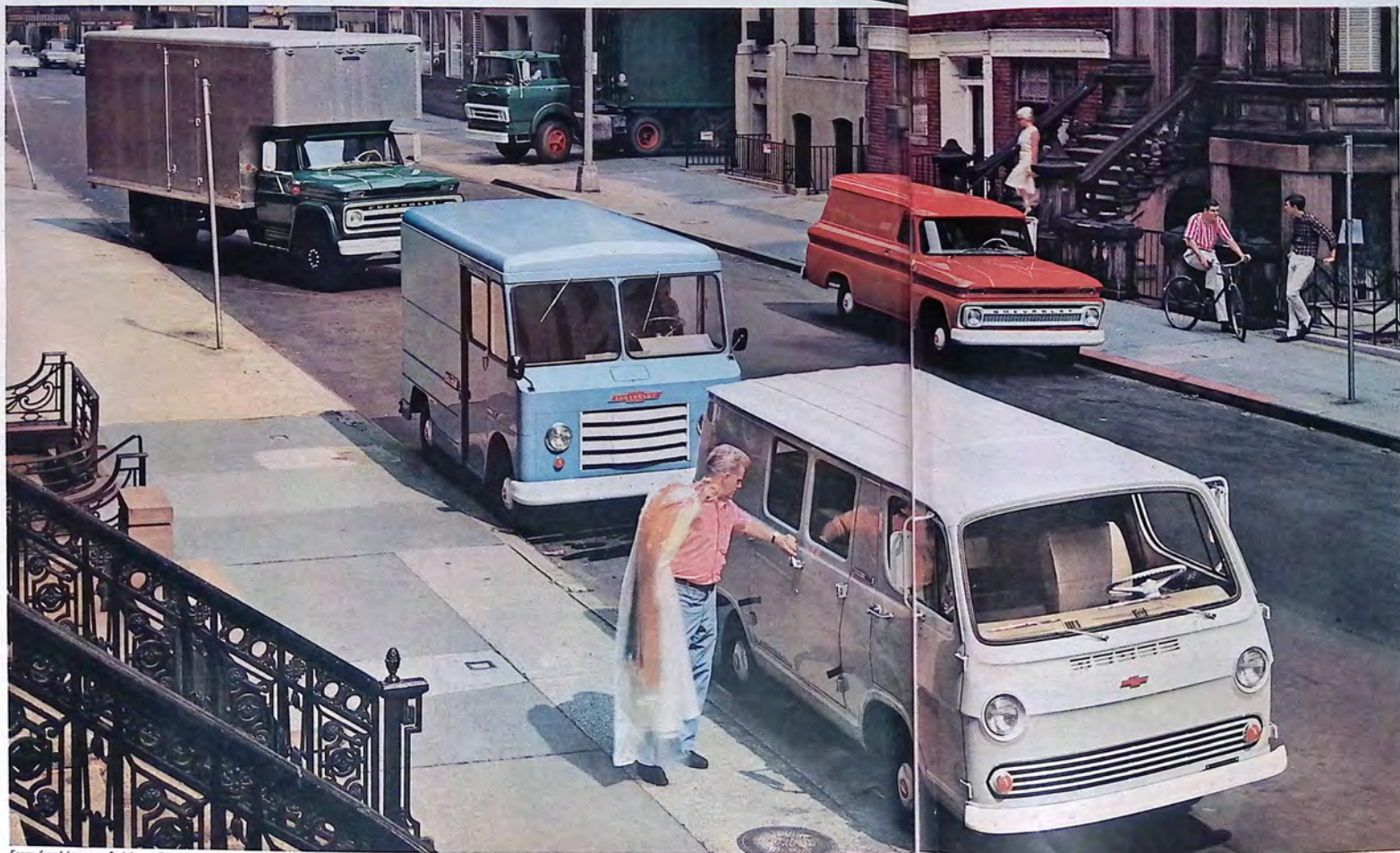
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Naturally, as the children grow, their magazine interests will change. Now, however, Michael is an avid reader of an entertaining magazine for children his age, and five-year-old Mark tries to wait patiently for his special magazine.

"While subscribing to a homemaking magazine for myself," writes Mrs. Sizemore, "I also subscribed to a hobby magazine for my husband, Bob, whose hobby is working on cars and puttering in his workshop. And both of us thoroughly enjoy reading *LOOK*. Because of the good service and the fine magazines we receive, our family looks forward to additional years in Civic Reading Club!"

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## THE HIGH COST OF VOTING

THE voter explosion hits with a double whammy. On top of the people explosion, we have a rocket surge in the percentage who read, argue—and vote.

Back in 1920, less than half (44 percent) of U.S. adults went to the polls. By the election year 2000, nine Presidential terms from now, about 83 out of every 100 eligibles will exercise their franchise. The way things are going, more than 168 million Americans will want to vote. Southern Negroes have added their voices to the ever-broader demand for say-so in public affairs. Democracy deepens.

But there's a hitch: the rising cost of our archaic system for polling and counting. In an average county, the cost runs about \$2 per vote, per election. This price already exerts a subtle but serious pressure against greater citizen participation. Unless the high cost of voting is cut, this nation can't make good on its dream of universal suffrage.

To insure an honest count of paper ballots, officials have to hire production lines of election workers, often keep them going for long hours. So they turn to supposedly "modern" voting machines. Things get worse. One machine,

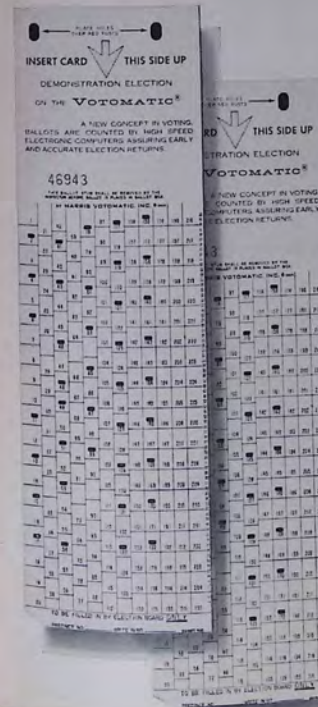
which should serve about 400 citizens, costs upward of \$1,600 and has to be carted around like an outsize refrigerator. Budget-tight officials never provide enough to handle the crowds. You wait for hours in long lines or—research proves—give up your rights in disgust.

What to do? University of California political scientist Joseph Harris, 68, found an answer. He invented a simple gadget that lets the ordinary voter punch his decisions directly into an IBM card. When polls close, precinct judges just hustle the punched ballots to a computer. Most big counties now own or can rent a computer smart enough to tally long ballots with absolute accuracy.

The Harris Votomatic, as Joe Harris calls his punch-card device, is so cheap that each county can provide as many as the people need. No more long lines. No waits.

Such convenience befits the rising dignity of political action, Harris believes. "A generation ago, politics was looked down on. It was left to people with their hands out. The approved view used to be: 'I'm nonpartisan.' This is no longer true. It's now respectable to be active in politics."

Punch-card ballot slashes expenses. More can vote.



You take a punch-card ballot into the booth, insert it into a slot. The candidate names appear on flip-over pages. Just punch a hole beside each favorite as you would mark a paper ballot. Punch goes through your ballot.

continued





## "Why didn't we think of this for Uncle Harry?"

Selecting Christmas presents is a lot of fun most of the time, but every once in awhile you run into a special problem. In the case of the Graham family it was rich Uncle Harry, a proverbial case of "the man who had everything."

Fortunately, the Grahams are regular LOOK subscribers, and Mrs. Graham found the answer while reading their current issue—a gift subscription to LOOK Magazine.

Now every-other-Tuesday for the next 12 months Uncle Harry will receive a fresh, colorful copy of LOOK Magazine. Each issue will be a regular reminder of the Grahams' friendship and good taste—a brand new "Christmas package" of pure reading pleasure.

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## VOTING continued



The League of Women Voters, crusaders for an informed and active electorate, taught De Kalb County, Ga., citizens how to punch ballots.

## "It's as simple as stirring coffee with a spoon."

Booming Atlanta, and its satellite county, De Kalb, had wallowed for years in political lethargy. Georgia's corrupt "county-unit system" made urban votes almost worthless. With reapportionment and civil-rights ferment, registration shot up about 60 percent in four years.

How could the voters find room at the polls? De Kalb dolefully planned to buy \$122,000 worth of extra voting machines—but instead went whole hog for the cheaper punch-card ballot. Atlanta made a token test.

Older officials feared that people would not take to the new way. But a community education project paid off. The experiment, spreading to other U.S. counties, argues for punch-vote reform. "It's as simple," drawled a lady official, "as stirring your coffee with a spoon."

Atlanta barber Sam Sheats, worker for the All Citizens Voter Registration Committee, demonstrated a sample Votomatic to 300 regular customers.



END

Bellows & Co., Louisville, Ky. • Blended Whiskey • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof.

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the gentle taste in whiskey,

buy yourself a bottle.



Come to think of it, why wait for Christmas? Be the first on your block to discover the new, even gentler tasting Partners Choice. Then, share your discovery. Our gleaming holiday decanter comes dressed to the teeth in a stylish gift wrap. The new gentle-shape bottle on its right comes to you gift-wrapped, too. So perfect for your own holiday needs, you'll want to write yourself a thank-you note.

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# SEASIDE SEE-THROUGHS

FISHNET T-SHIRTS are standard bikini-toppers for *les girls* at St. Tropez. Now this Riviera "uniform" has inspired U.S. swimsuit designers. Adding American know-how to French savoir-faire, they are using fishnet strategically not only to veil bikinis, but also to open up covered swimsuits with "look here" cutouts. *LOOK wonders:* How do you fill in a fishnet tan? *Wool fishnet pajama (\$41)* covers barest bikini of black knit (\$20), both Bill Blass for Roxanne. *Opposite:* Black nylon-and-silk-jersey suit (Cole, \$30) has a cowl neck, see-through fishnet side panels. *White Antron-and-rayon fishnet bikini (George McCormick for 4 Inc., \$17)* bares and dares with fool-the-eye hip cutouts sure to stop beach traffic at any sun resort.

*New contours on the sand...next year's peekaboo beach styles are screened for a second look*

PRODUCED BY JO'AHERN ZILL  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOUGLAS KIRKLAND



continued





### Good things happen in the Fruit of the Loom family

The stockings are hung by the chimney with care, and, as always, *Fruit of the Loom* will be there. With gifts for everyone on your list. A plaid robe for dad? A peignoir for mom? Diamond-y hose...or towels-with-a-rose? Fashions keep changing but not our famous tradition of the newest, nicest things at low, low prices. Is it any wonder that for 114 Christmases Santas keep shopping for the *Fruit of the Loom* label?



Woven Stripes—from a collection of dress and sports shirts \$2.99 and \$3.99. Tie \$1.00.



Can't resist nylons—no sheen, no shadow. New fashion colors. Proportioned sizes. Pr. \$1.29.



Peignoir duet, nylon tricot with satiny rose applique. Pink, blue, black, white. Set \$6.99.



Wash 'n wear robe deluxe cotton broadcloth in prints, stripes, plaids. 3 pockets. \$3.99.



Fruit of the Loom, Inc., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 19 / A Subsidiary of Philadelphia and Reading Corporation

### SEASIDE SEE-THROUGHS continued



Honey-toned fishnet "cage" screens natural-linen shorts and bra

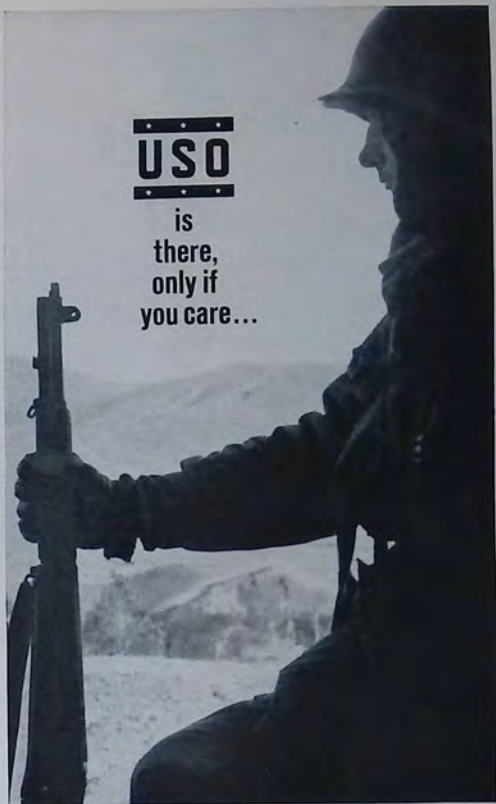
Go fly a kite—in a sheer,  
airy sun shift with demure allure



(Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, \$43 complete).

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there,  
only if  
you care...



Lonely watchtower in Korea, edge of darkness in Berlin, silent jungle in Vietnam, crowded small town near the base... if he's there, so is the U.S.O. With 197 clubs that bring a wonderful, welcome touch of home to men and women far from their own. With traveling shows that bring music and laughter to the loneliest outposts on earth. Telling over 2,500,000 Americans in uniform (one from every 18 families) that somebody's grateful, somebody cares back home.

But U.S.O. is there only if you care. U.S.O. gets no government funds. Every dollar comes from personal contributions, from people like you, who give once each year through their local Community Chest or United Fund.

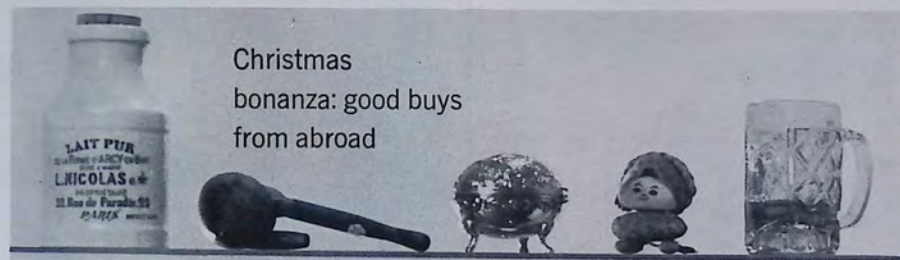
So vitally important, so sorely needed. Did you know that our service men and women made 21,000,000 visits to the U.S.O. last year, and were served by some 80,000 devoted U.S.O. volunteers? So give... for a friend or fiancé, a son or brother, or a neighbor—just because he's there guarding, and you're here, secure. GIVE! The U.S.O. is supported by your gift to your United Fund or Community Chest. When they come calling tell them you care.



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# FOR WOMEN ONLY



Christmas bonanza: good buys from abroad

Modern Oriental ingenuity re-creates Occidental designs of yesterday.

Silver, stone and glass are imaginatively interpreted by foreign artisans.

These unusual Manhattan imports share one thing in common: All cost \$5 or less. (Many can be ferreted out in other U.S. cities too.) Above: Japan-made "antiques"—French milk bottle, U.S. top (Pink

Balloon). Below: two-nosed Italian Pinocchio, German rattle (Design Research); candleholders—Danish (Georg Jensen), Italian (Bonniers). Bottom: English-inspired "Flexagon" building toy (also from DRI).

Accessories for the folk-song set (below): Add foreign intrigue to strumming with a Mexican sash as a guitar strap (Paz); a Pakistani cap, Persian carry-all of hand-loomed cotton for toting sheet music (Noto).

Japan, Sweden and Mexico, respectively, produced the items above: silver-plated jewel case (Pink Balloon); flaxen-haired stone doll (Argentine Imports); glass beer mug (Phoenix Pan-American Shop).



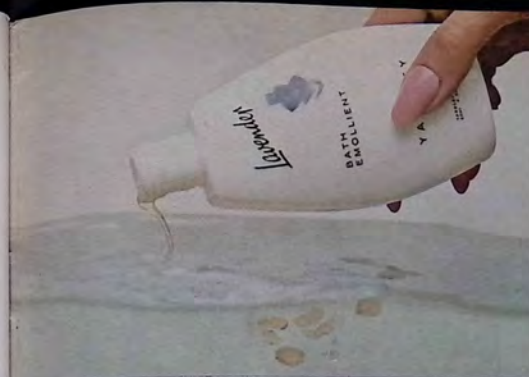
Gift lines—toy to tallow; below, panels for advanced play construction.



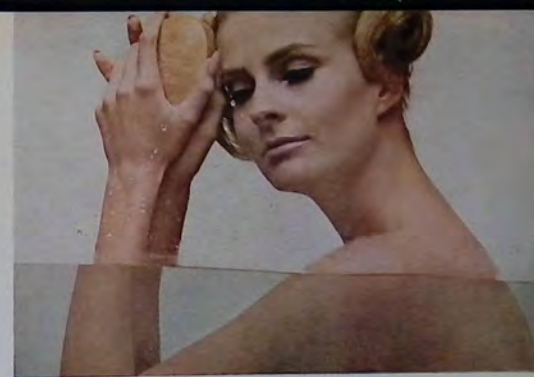
For the teen-age guitar buff: a trio of international accessory notes.

A recent addition to the exotic-boutique ranks, Greek Island, Ltd., offers some offbeat bargains from the Homeric Isles. A "good luck" key ring features an Aegean-blue stone and a miniature gold-plated cowbell to help you locate keys in purse or pocket by sound. A "prosperity" hanging, a woven tressed-straw pyramidal pendant 10" long, which traditionally betokens good crops in Greek villages, can be a charming symbol of holiday bounty here. A tin olive-oil lantern, glass-enclosed on four sides, comes with easy instructions for many hours' illumination with olive or salad oil.

Paper crafts from another import shop, Paper East, lend color to holiday festivities. Seasonal specialties include poinsettias and other timely decorations from Denmark, palm-reed mobiles from Thailand and unusual animal toys of papier-mâché from India and Japan.



Yardley puts bath oil



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and powder



and clouds of heavenly cologne



and dozens of other sweet-scented gifts into dazzling holiday boxes. Wouldn't she love to get one for Christmas? Yardley Gift Sets, \$1.75 to \$15.00!



## They made our world ..... Copernicus

OF ALL MAN'S efforts to unriddle the unknown, astronomy—our earliest science—longest remained enlocked with religion. Men based calendars on the moon, read the skies to plant crops, used stars to guide them over deserts or the fearful seas. From Babylon to Peru, our ancestors saw divinity in the heavens, traced gods and mythological beasts amidst the constellations, and thought the moon made luna-tics. Philosophers, like astrologers, sought clues to fate in the firmament.

In one of history's greatest reaches of the mind, Nicolaus Copernicus revolutionized astronomy and extended numberless frontiers of the human intellect. But he was no martyr; nor did he lead the stupendous revolution that bears his name. Born in 1473, on the Vistula, he latinized his Polish name, Kopernik, to Copernicus. His uncle, who became a bishop, guided Nicolaus's studies and made him a church canon. Copernicus moved into a tower of Frauenburg cathedral's fortified wall and, following contemporary custom, leavened his life with a pretty housekeeper. His duties were more administrative than theological. He drew up defense plans, commanded a fortress, was admired for his courage as a soldier. But his one abiding passion was mathematics.

In those days, astronomy was the queen of sciences. For 14 centuries, the great celestial scheme devised by Claudius Ptolemy of Alexandria, around 150 A.D., had encompassed all of man's knowledge of the universe: Heaven was a hard, crystal dome in which the stars were truly fixed; the seven then-known planets (he included the sun and the moon), imbedded in their own glassy globes, wheeled around the earth, along with the stars, in stately circles. (The Greeks had venerated the circle

as the perfect form.) Ptolemy's tables charted celestial movements, explained the recurrence of the equinox and its puzzling precession, tabulated 1,022 stars visible to the naked eye, predicted eclipses of sun and moon. His explanation of heaven's machinery was a triumph of order and ingenuity.

But some heavenly bodies act so oddly—seeming to move ahead, pause, slip back, then spurt ahead again—that the Greeks named them "planets," or wanderers. Ptolemy explained their strange orbits by placing a planet on the rim of an imaginary circle. The center of this circle rotated on another imaginary circle. Later astronomers added still more circles and epicycles to explain the planets' erratic courses.

Now, Copernicus approached Ptolemy with great respect—and piety. After all, the holy Church and the infallible Aristotelians supported an earth-centered, man-centered cosmos. But Ptolemy's theory did not explain certain phenomena, and Copernicus was troubled by Ptolemy's departure from the purity of the circles through a subterfuge, the "equant"—a point off the center of a circle.

Ancients like Aristarchus of Samos had suggested that the earth moves, but omniscient Aristotle had "proved" this wrong, and Ptolemy thought any swift terrestrial motion preposterous: Why, the terrific speed of such movement would tear pieces off our earth. And if we turned eastward, would not winds always blow westward? And how could birds, returning to their nests, ever find them again? But Copernicus asked this question: Ptolemy had made the entire celestial sphere whirl around us (and at far greater speed than any earth motion); why had the universe not been torn asunder? The answer led to unimaginable consequences.

Before 1514, Copernicus suggested that the sun is at the

center of the universe, and that we and the other planets circle around it. Churchmen and astronomers urged him to publish his theory. He did not. He spent over 30 years wrestling with technicalities, postulating new circles that (we now know) were unneeded. Copernicus was not an astronomer. He made occasional but not continuous observations. He used crude instruments he fashioned himself. He did not question old, imprecise records. From his tower, he made under 40 observations in a lifetime long enough for thousands. He remained trapped by ancient fictions the medieval world sanctified: He never surmounted those "perfect," fatal circles to discover the one crucial detail—that planetary orbits are not circular but oval, i.e., ellipses. (Copernicus actually wrote "ellipse" in one place in his manuscript—though not about planetary orbits—then deleted the entire paragraph. So great is the power of preconception.)

Copernicus could not answer many of the questions his theory raised. His work was so unresolved that he might never have published anything if not for an extraordinary disciple, Rheticus. *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* ("Concerning the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres") appeared in 1543, after Copernicus suffered a stroke. The book was placed beside him; he caressed it before he died.

*De Revolutionibus* is painfully difficult for laymen to read—except for the elegant dedication to Pope Paul III. It develops its complex argument carefully, building one proposition upon another; yet it founders on anomalies. Copernicus calls gravity a "natural predisposition" of parts that "unite in their wholeness," and enlists the pious howler that immobility is "nobler and more divine than . . . instability."

And yet, how tremendous was his achievement! He specified the rotation of the earth, its slight wobbling, its sweep around the sun, the course of the moon and planets. (Like a jockey overtaking others on a racetrack, we see planets move forward, "pause" and slip back as we pass them, then rush ahead when seen from the opposite side of the turn.) He destroyed the sacrosanct distinction between our world and the rest of the universe by treating gravity as a universal law.

Did he suspect the titanic implications beyond astronomy of his sun-centered system? Probably not. The heliocentric cosmos would end man's egocentric consolations. For if our earth is but another planet, and mere satellite to the sun, is man really God-favored? And where is heaven? (From the sun's position, we already are in heaven.) Where is the theologians' "ninth sphere" empyrean? Where, indeed, is "up"? Even more: Medieval men believed medieval knowledge to be both absolute and complete. Geometry had been explained forever by Euclid; physics, by Aristotle; cosmology, by Ptolemy; reason and faith, by Aquinas; creation, by Holy Scripture. And now . . . the Copernican model would dethrone man and earth, and all the medieval certitudes.

For 50 years, Copernicus's opus made scant difference. Astronomers thought it technically brilliant but the work of a madman, contrary to God's word and universal truth. The Catholic Church did not ban the book until 1616 (nor permit books to mention the earth's motion until 1822). Luther called Copernicus a fool, because Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still.

The Copernican scheme is an innocent foreshadowing of the universe we envisage today—our sun but a puny star in one of numberless galaxies—Andromeda has 150 billion stars; our closest galaxy is 150,000 light-years away. But the Polish cleric took that gigantic leap of the mind that would end the suffocations of medievalism. He opened many doors he never passed through. Kepler and Galileo made the Copernican revolution; Copernicus made it possible. LEOROSTEN







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# THE LOOK 1964 ALL AMERICA



<b>Centers</b>	Dick Butkus, Illinois Dwight Kelley, Ohio State
<b>Guards</b>	Ronnie Caveness, Arkansas Tommy Nobis, Texas Rick Redman, Washington Glenn Ressler, Penn State
<b>Tackles</b>	Steve DeLong, Tennessee Larry Kramer, Nebraska Stas Maliszewski, Princeton Jim Wilson, Georgia
<b>Ends-Flankers</b>	Donny Anderson, Texas Tech Fred Biletnikoff, Florida State Lawrence Elkins, Baylor Jack Snow, Notre Dame
<b>Backs</b>	Tucker Frederickson, Auburn Floyd Little, Syracuse Craig Morton, California Jerry Rhome, Tulsa Gale Sayers, Kansas Bob Schweickert, Virginia Tech Bob Timberlake, Michigan Clarence Williams, Washington State

Selected by the Football Writers Association of America

BY TIM COHANE LOOK SPORTS EDITOR

**M**AYBE YOU haven't heard the story of the quarterback who blew his All America chances and cost his team the national championship by losing the head he had been noted for. His name was Joey Audible and he played for Transfusion Tech. On the morning of Transfusion's crucial game, Joey eloped with the daughter of the associate professor of Doll House Mechanics.

Not long after the season, Audible's coach, the veteran Sterling Trapbrain, gave up coaching on the advice of his psychiatrist, Dr. Gleam Couthcough.

"And now, Sterling," Dr. Couthcough counseled, "you must try to forget all about Joey Audible by concentrating on the future. Have you given any thought to a new career?"

"I'd like to become a sportswriter," said Sterling. "Especially the kind that picks All America teams."

"H-m-m-m-m," said Dr. Couthcough. "On the other hand," Sterling mused, "the more I think of it, I'd like to become a teakettle."

Choosing America's top 22 teakettles would be easier than selecting its top 22 college-football players. This task has been admittedly impossible for many years.

What significance, then, does the All America have today? What is its validity, its justification?

Until now, the Football Writers Association of America, which makes the selection for LOOK through a seven-man national committee, has joined with us in presenting the team as a group not to be

matched by any other 22. Today, however, even that relatively modest claim founders on the rock of reality.

In the last six seasons, the number of college teams capable of upsetting one another on a given day has risen from roughly two score to five dozen. The trend traces to two continually ascending upcurves: more and better players who have received superior high-school coaching, and a higher level of excellence among college coaches. The ever-broadening balance in power has produced an oversupply of authentic All America candidates. Confronted with that fact, the FWAA and LOOK claim only this for the 22 outstanding young men presented here:

They stand forth among the greatest players of the year. They were chosen after much work and with great care. In saluting them, we salute also all the dozens of others. As the fortunate 22 themselves know best, some others may well deserve to stand in their places.

In reaching its final choices, what does the committee look for? Let's consider first what it does not look for. A tendency has arisen among some critics in recent years to gauge the wisdom of the selections against the professional-football draft lists, as if they were the ultimate norm. Actually, potential for the pro game has absolutely nothing to do with a candidacy. The player is rated on his value to his team. If he should also prove attractive to the pros, it is an interesting footnote. Just that, and no more.

Cumulative performance is important. Other things being approximately equal, the player who has been outstanding for two or

continued



# What makes an All American? Talent and the will to "battle with the final ounce in stock."

possibly three seasons gets the nod over the one-year star.

The up-and-down fortunes of war make it difficult for an All American to repeat. Last year, eight juniors, an unusual number, charged onto the Look team. They were Roger Staubach of Navy, Jimmy Sidle of Auburn, Jimmie Grisham of Oklahoma and Tom Vaughn of Iowa State, backs; Lawrence Elkins of Baylor, flanker; Rick Redman of Washington, and Steve DeLong of Tennessee, guards; and Dick Butkus of Illinois, center-linebacker.

Only half of them—Elkins, DeLong, Redman and Butkus—repeat this year. Staubach and Sidle were injured. Grisham and Vaughn fell behind their 1963 pace in unfavorable contexts: defenses that zeroed in on them, weaker support and losing or disappointing records. In the making of an All American, a strong team and record are not indispensable—consider Clarence Williams of Washington State—but they never have been known to hurt a candidacy.

An unusually high number of injuries to key people had much influence on the '64 team. In addition to Staubach and Sidle, a partial list of the wounded, who were either sidelined or slowed down, would include Joe Namath, Alabama's ace quarterback; Stan Hind-

man, Mississippi's classic interior lineman; Frank Marchlewski, Minnesota's fine offensive center; Bob Hadrick, Purdue's fluid end; Fred Mazurek, Pittsburgh's roll-out specialist; Bob Berry, Oregon's all-purpose signal caller, and Malcolm Walker, big Rice linebacker.

Since the new substitution rule permitted a coach to platoon or not platoon, according to personnel and taste, the season produced two-way performers and defensive or offensive specialists. Both types were among the stars, so the committee picked both types.

In order to include the men considered worthy, the committee followed the custom of recent years in making switches where they made sense. Thus, we find Donny Anderson, Texas Tech's halfback, listed among the flankers, because that's how he lined up some of the time. Princeton's Stas Maliszewski, who played linebacker on defense and guard on offense, is named among the tackles, because he could play there. Tennessee's DeLong, who played middle man on defense, is switched to tackle, because he also could handle the job.

Two of the four quarterbacks, Virginia Tech's Bob Schweickert and Michigan's Bob Timberlake, pass and run functionally, as did old single-wing tailbacks, so they can be considered halfbacks, if need be.

The committee screened attitude as well as physical talent, since the two are as sides of the same coin. There are two strong reasons for eliminating the player who is dedicated only to himself and perhaps did not deliver his full effort until he became a senior, and more acutely conscious of a possible pro contract. First, there are too many outstanding players who do play for the team. Second, youngsters look up to All Americans; this regard imposes a heavy responsibility on the talented player always to test himself fully. Of the year's 22, we would say they fulfilled Grantland Rice's lines:

*"We know how brief all fame must be,  
We know how crude the game must be,  
We know how soon the cheering turns to jeering  
down the block;  
But there's a deeper feeling here  
That Fate can't scatter reeling here,  
In knowing we have battled with the final ounce  
in stock."*

The four end-flankers—Anderson of Texas Tech, Florida State's Fred Biletnikoff, Elkins of Baylor and Notre Dame's Jack Snow—

provide the 1964 all-stars with probable record scorepower in the pass-catching category.

Anderson is one of the four juniors to be named; the others are Princeton's Maliszewski, Tommy Nobis of Texas and Ohio State's Dwight (Ike) Kelley. The only sophomore picked was Floyd Little, the bandy-legged Syracuse open-field wraith from New Haven, Conn.

The nicknames "Boom Boom" and "Big Palomino" salute the combined power and scathback movements of Anderson, who runs and passes from a deep-back position, when not aligned as a flanker. Donny punts, returns kickoffs, blocks well and plays defense.

The South has to go back 30 years to Alabama's Don Hutson for a receiver to match Biletnikoff. Fred has superb hands and range and runs diverse pass patterns with the skill of a veteran pro player. He is the explosive type that shakes the morale of defensive secondaries. The Seminoles use his speed and niftiness also on kick returns.

With Don Trull no longer on the throwing end (although sophomore Terry Southall did a quality job), Elkins could not match his 1963 record-setting pace in the Southwest Conference, but he still showed unmistakable class. Newcomer Jack Snow broke all Notre

continued

Mighty Illinois linebacker Dick Butkus thrusts his 243 pounds through the air to block an Ohio State pass intended for halfback Tom Barrington. Butkus is one of four All America repeaters from 1963.



A ramrod stiff-arm is indispensable protection for the quarterback dropping back or rolling out to pass, and Craig Morton, California's poised leader, uses it to slow down the rush of Southern Cal tackle Jeff Smith.



Tommy Nobis, No. 60, Texas linebacker and offensive guard, is at home in the middle of a major traffic jam-up with Southern Methodist. Nobis, who seldom made less than 20 tackles a game, was the Southwest Conference's top player.



Florida State's Fred Biletnikoff has scored a touchdown against Virginia Tech, but the game is lost. In frustration, Fred heaves the ball into the stands.





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TO STAY UP**

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### PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

(See page 128) 1-c (Gene Tunney came back after the long count). 2-d (Max Schmeling once defeated Joe Louis). 3-e (Marcel Cerdan was killed in an air crash). 4-b (Jersey Joe Walcott was the oldest boxer to win the heavyweight title). 5-i (Henry Armstrong held three world titles at once). 6-h (Rocky Marciano retired undefeated in 1956). 7-j (Joe Louis defended his crown 25 times). 8-f (Barney Ross was cited for bravery in action at Guadalcanal). 9-a (Ingemar Johansson lost his crown to Floyd Patterson). 10-g (Jack Dempsey was known as the 'Ma-nassa Mauler').

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ALL AMERICA continued

## Tennessee's Steve DeLong SEC's first Outland winner since Zeke Smith

Dame receiver records as John Huarte's favorite target. This combination made the key offensive contribution to the resurgence of the Irish under Ara Parseghian.

Tennessee's Steve DeLong becomes the first Southeastern Conference player since Zeke Smith of Auburn in 1958 to win the Outland Trophy, annually awarded by the FWAA to the outstanding interior lineman (guard or tackle) of the year.

DeLong is one of the most versatile and spirited, as well as strongest, linemen in the history of the Conference. He was used on offense as well as defense in his sophomore and junior years. This season, he concentrated on defense as middle man in a five front. He is so quick, however, that it is likely the pros will use him as a pulling guard on attack. Steve's selfless dedication as a team leader helped inspire the Vols under Coach Doug Dickey in their climb toward the peaks they knew in the big days of General Bob Neyland, architect of Vol football, and his protégé Bowden Wyatt.

Nebraska's Larry Kramer was overshadowed a year ago in the Cornhusker line by Lloyd Voss and Bob Brown, but this time, he was the cornerstone of Bob Devaney's team. He ranks as one of the top blocking tackles, and does a comparably forceful job on defense.

Maliszewski proves again that the Ivy League can come up with a much-sought-after blue-chip player. Notre Dame and other Midwestern powers wooed Stas, an Iowan, but one visit to Old Nassau sold him. He is the second Ivy Leaguer to make the team in the last three years, following Don McKinnon, Dartmouth center, in 1962.

Georgia, along with Tennessee and Vanderbilt, made big comeback strides, and Coach Vince Dooley gives much of the credit to Jim Wilson, one of the strongest, quickest tackles to come out of the SEC in a decade. Big Jim is another fine blocker, who also rates as the Bulldogs' best defensive lineman.

Ronnie Caveness, Arkansas guard-linebacker, wears the same numbered jersey, 55, as his Razorback predecessor, guard Wayne Harris, who made the Look team in 1960. And Ronnie wears it well. With a 17½ neck and exceptionally broad shoulders, Caveness has the look of a wrestler when he roves from one sideline to the other making tackles. In high school, Ronnie was no blue-chipper, but has stood out in college since his freshman year.

Runner-up to DeLong for the Outland Trophy is redheaded Nobis, who plays offensive guard, but flames as a linebacker. Twenty or more tackles a game are normal for Nobis, whom his coach, Darrell Royal, rates on the same plane as last year's Outland winner from Texas, Scott Appleton. Nobis doesn't have unusual speed, but compensates with hard work and push.

Washington's Redman, who played both ways last year, specialized this season as middle linebacker and called the defensive signals. Vertically as well as laterally, Rick is all over the field, blitzing or dropping back to help the secondary on pass defense. He proves the dictum that as you prepare, so will you play, for he is consistently the best worker in Husky practices.

When Penn State gave Ohio State that 27-0 drubbing at Columbus, in an upset to match any other of the year, the Nittany Lion who most impressed Woody Hayes, coach of the Buckeyes, was middle linebacker Glenn Ressler. Although Rip Engle uses Ressler mainly on defense, he comes into the game as offensive center in a crisis because of his blocking, and also snaps the ball back on punts. Before he switched to linebacker, Ressler a year ago was one of the best interior defenders Engle has coached.

Illinois couldn't match its championship record of 1963, but center-linebacker Dick Butkus blitzed on, the same formidable package of violence that every pro club would like to have. Ike Kelley

continued

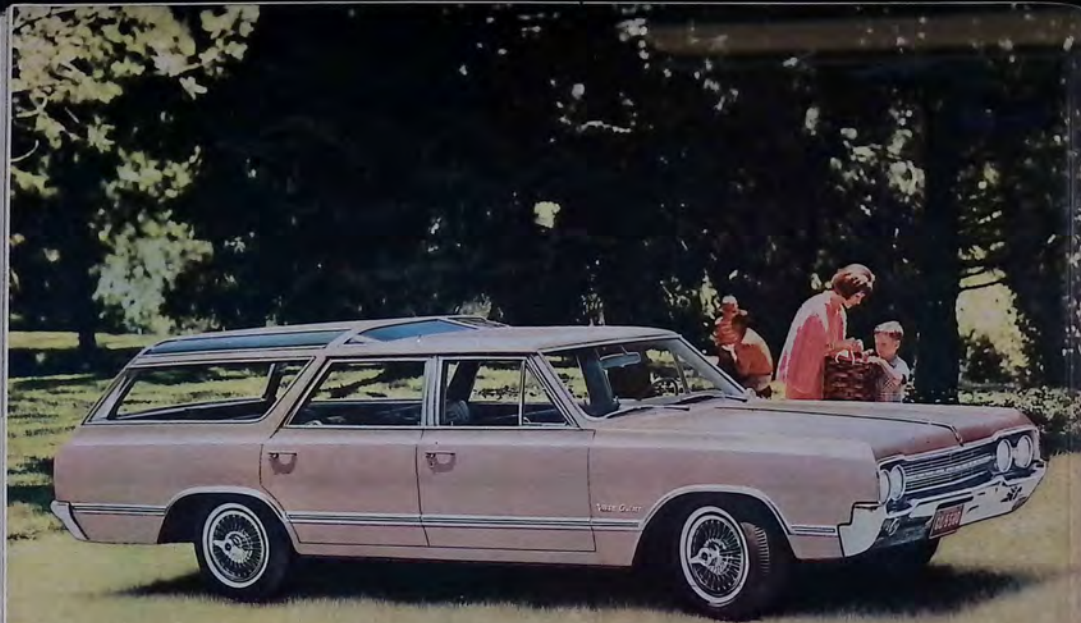
## There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't give Four Roses.

Especially in the classic cut-glass gift decanter. Give it to your friends. Give it to your enemies and make them friends. (And while you're at it, pick up a few extras to dress up your own home bar.) Either way, regular bottle or gift decanter, it's the same fine whiskey. And it's at the new, reduced price. Suggestion: why not take the money you save and expand your gift list this year; your friends will love you for it. Give lavishly.



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**Vista-Cruiser** by **OLDSMOBILE**

*The Rocket Action Car!*

Forward-facing third seat—folds down easily!



Roomy cargo area—holds over 100 cubic feet!



ALL AMERICA continued

## Cal's Craig Morton has a wrist snap they could use at Cape Kennedy

keyed the Ohio State defense that much of the season was one of the country's toughest. Like Butkus, Redman, Nobis, Ressler and the others, Ike is a keen play diagnostician, usually found where the ball is.

Auburn's Ivan Charles (Tucker) Frederickson deserves serious consideration as a player-of-the-year candidate, because he combines talents for running, blocking, tackling and pass defending to the highest degree. The powerful Syracuse running attack was fueled by sophomore Little, who may rate, before he is through, with such past Orange heroes as Jim Brown and the late Ernie Davis. Floyd can hit inside, sweep the end, or thread his way through an open field. He is a threat to go all the way on any play.

California's Craig Morton has a right wrist that enables him to fling a football for distance more accurately than any other passer of recent seasons. Craig, poised field general and team cocaptain, won unstinting praise from every opponent in a tough schedule.

Tulsa's Jerry Rhyme delivered the most incredible single-game performance of the year when he completed 35 of 43 passes for 488 yards, as the Hurricane upset and thoroughly flattened Oklahoma State, 61-14. The Cowboys at the time were rated second nationally in pass defense. Jerry, however, has been performing the incredible ever since he came back from an eighth-grade motorcycle accident that threatened to cripple him for life.

For open-field speed and explosiveness, nobody tops Gale Sayers of Kansas. Typical was his 77-yard game winner against Kansas State. He first shook off an end who got an arm around him, side-hopped a linebacker who had him dead to rights, and then ran away from three other defenders down the sideline.

Bob Schweickert, ace quarterback of Virginia Tech, runs and passes so well that pro scouts think he could become a left-halfback impresario of the run-and-pass option, like Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers.

The revival of Michigan as a Western Conference power stemmed mainly from the presence of possibly the Wolverines' finest quarterback since the times of Benny Friedman, Harry Kipke and Harry Newman. He is Bob Timberlake, a cool, intelligent field commander, clutch passer, strong runner, dependable place-kicker and tough defender. Like Jay Wilkinson, the Duke flyer of last year's team, Bob will study for the ministry.

Washington State's Clarence (Clancy) Williams rates as the best runner on the coast—from scrimmage, after catching a pass, or returning a punt or kickoff. But he is even stronger, possibly, as a defensive halfback against the run or pass. Williams was a runaway favorite, because of his showing without the supporting personnel or team record of the other backs.

This year's 22 All Americans were chosen by a selection committee made up of Arnie Burdick, *Syracuse Herald-Journal*, representing the East; Jesse Outlar, *Atlanta Constitution*, and Shelley Rolfe, *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the South; Si Burick, *Dayton Daily News*, and Volney Meece, *Oklahoma City Times*, the West; Dave Campbell, *Waco News-Tribune*, the Southwest; and Jim Scott, *Berkeley Gazette*, the Far West.

Assembled in Chicago, the committee first considered the ballot totals of the FWAA's national membership of 1,100. Bert McGrane, secretary-treasurer, wrote on a blackboard the leading candidates

continued

The 1964 Look All America will appear on  
**THE TONIGHT SHOW**, starring **JOHNNY CARSON**,  
over the NBC television network, Thursday, December 3

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him  
from  
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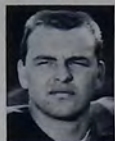
6 for \$5.90

*Hanes knows how to please him*



## THE LOOK ALL AMERICA 1964 TEAM

## CENTERS



DICK BUTKUS  
Illinois  
Age 21 Ht. 6'3" Wt. 243  
Chicago, Ill.



DWIGHT KELLEY  
Ohio State  
Age 20 Ht. 5'11" Wt. 215  
Bremen, Ohio

## GUARDS



RONNIE CAVENESS  
Arkansas  
Age 21 Ht. 6' Wt. 215  
Fayetteville, Ark.



TOMMY NOBIS  
Texas  
Age 21 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 215  
San Antonio, Texas



RICK REDMAN  
Washington  
Age 21 Ht. 5'11" Wt. 220  
Seattle, Wash.



GLENN RESSLER  
Penn State  
Age 21 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 235  
Darnsife, Pa.

## TACKLES



STEVE DeLONG  
Tennessee  
Age 21 Ht. 6'3" Wt. 240  
Knoxville, Tenn.



LARRY KRAMER  
Nebraska  
Age 22 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 230  
Lincoln, Nebr.



STAS MALISZEWSKI  
Princeton  
Age 20 Ht. 6'1" Wt. 220  
Davenport, Iowa



JIM WILSON  
Georgia  
Age 23 Ht. 6'3" Wt. 255  
Edgewood, Pa.

## ENDS—FLANKERS



DONNY ANDERSON  
Texas Tech  
Age 21 Ht. 6'3" Wt. 207  
Stinson, Texas



FRED BILETNIKOFF  
Florida State  
Age 21 Ht. 6'1" Wt. 192  
Erie, Pa.



LAWRENCE ELKINS  
Baylor  
Age 21 Ht. 6'1" Wt. 187  
Waco, Texas



JACK SNOW  
Notre Dame  
Age 21 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 215  
Long Beach, Calif.

## BACKS



TUCKER FREDERICKSON  
Alabama  
Age 21 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 218  
Hollywood, Fla.



FLOYD LITTLE  
Syracuse  
Age 22 Ht. 5'11" Wt. 190  
New Haven, Conn.



CRAIG MORTON  
California  
Age 21 Ht. 6'4" Wt. 215  
Berkeley, Calif.



JERRY RHOME  
Tulsa  
Age 22 Ht. 6' Wt. 181  
Dallas, Texas



GALE SAYERS  
Kansas  
Age 21 Ht. 6' Wt. 194  
Lawrence, Kans.



BOB SCHWEICKERT  
Virginia Tech  
Age 22 Ht. 6'1" Wt. 183  
Baltimore, Md.



BOB TIMBERLAKE  
Michigan  
Age 21 Ht. 6'4" Wt. 210  
Franklin, Ohio



CLARENCE WILLIAMS  
Washington State  
Age 21 Ht. 6'2" Wt. 196  
Renton, Wash.

## After 75 years, nobody knows who invented the All America

by sections. Then came two hours of studying credentials, discussion and final resolution.

This meeting marked the 75th year of the official All America. Who originated the idea is still a foggy mystery, despite the scholarly probings of such authorities as Clarence G. McDavitt and Col. Alexander M. Weyand. But this much is known:

The first team was selected in 1889. It appeared in a late 1889 or early 1890 issue of a periodical called *The Week's Sport*, published in New York. The selector was Walter Camp, the famous Yale player, coach and rules maker, assisted by Caspar Whitney, reigning sports-writer of the day and at that time manager of *The Week's Sport*.

Camp, in a sense, invented American college football, because he gave it the scrimmage and the yards-in-downs, the two things that early distinguished it from Rugby. He probably also originated the All America idea, either alone or in concert with Whitney.

"I don't know whose idea it was," said Whitney as an old man. "My memory is very treacherous, and I simply cannot remember. Maybe the idea was mine, maybe it was Camp's. At any rate, we

worked closely together, and we had a lot of fun doing it. Certainly, it never occurred to either of us, in those early days, that it would ever make anyone famous someday. If you're going to write something, give Camp the credit—I don't want any credit."

Unquestionably, Camp made the All America team famous. His selections were accepted as official until his death in 1925, as were those of Grantland Rice, to whom he had in effect bequeathed his mantle—from 1925 to '48. From 1948 until Rice's death in 1954, top acceptance was given the teams he picked for Look with the FWAA. For a decade, Look's FWAA teams have enjoyed the same stature.

Walter Camp, Caspar Whitney and their early All Americans would no doubt be astonished at the idea, originated by Look in 1950, of bringing the team together in New York and presenting the 22 as a group visually to the entire nation over the magic box. Yet the pioneers would have enjoyed the celebration tendered the '64 all-stars, which this year followed the patterns of the past. Team headquarters were at the Hotel Lexington, and the official hostesses were the Queens of the Cotton, Orange, Sugar, 'Gator and Bluebonnet Bowls. The highlight of the fete, the 15th official banquet, was scheduled for the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, with Curt Gowdy as master of ceremonies. A special Lord Elgin watch and a Voit official football autographed by the team were awarded each player.

Many famous coaches, such as Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian and Florida A & M's Jake Gaither, were there. The group included Sterling Trapbrain of Old Transfusion. Sterling was talked into pouring as the next best thing to being an actual teakettle.

END

## Introducing Ronson's first automatic butane lighter for less than \$10.

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so much  
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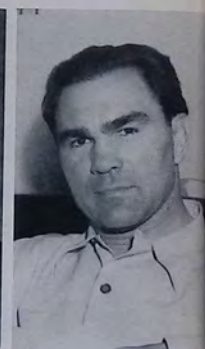
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# PHOTOQUIZ



Past glories fade, but to many, these boxers are still great champions

IDENTIFY these boxers and match each one with a statement that follows: a) He lost his crown to Floyd Patterson. b) He was the oldest boxer to win the heavyweight title. c) He came back after the long count. d) He once defeated Joe Louis. e) He was killed in an air crash. f) He was cited for bravery in action at Guadalcanal. g) He was known as the Manassa Mauler. h) He retired undefeated in 1956. i) He held three world titles at once. j) He defended his crown 25 times. Score ten for each correct match. Score of 60 is passing, 70 good, 80 or more, excellent. ANSWERS ON PAGE 120



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THE TONIGHT SHOW starring JOHNNY CARSON  
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and Neighborhood Houses  
at Meet-the-All-Americans Party



# There are lions loose in the park

ONCE UPON AN island in the Bronx Park zoo in New York, there were two lions, Charlie, who thought he was King of the Veld, and Princess, who knew better. Every now and then, she would let him have a right cross to the chops to put him in his place; then, having established the chain of command, she would forgive him. They really live on an island, in the open, and have two cubs—Cass and Polly.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EMMY HAAS



*Mankind suffers grief and pain—a lion's life is just the same. For no reason that anybody would understand, except maybe a human female, Princess swatted the King, made up, and they rolled over together.*

continued





LIONS continued



All young creatures, man or beast, are bound to get into mischief



There are many things a young lion has to learn, and one of them is scratching on trees. No one knows why this is, except your own pet cat who scratches on sofa cushions. Cass (above), who knows this operation by instinct, is pretending to learn it from his father. Polly (left), sly as her brother, watches mamma strolling past a rock made for lion cubs to spy from, then leaps like a beast of prey and hitches a ride on her tail.

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LIONS 2011-2012



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All young creatures, man or beast



There are many things a young lion has to learn, and one of them is scratching on trees. No one knows why this is, except your own pet cat who scratches on sofa cushions. Cass (above), who knows this operation by instinct, is pretending to learn it from his father, Polly (left), sly as her brother, watches mamma strolling past a rock made for lion cubs to spy from, then leaps like a beast of prey and hitches a ride on her tail.

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